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THE

UNIQUE,

A BOOK OF ITS OWN KIND:

CONTAINING A VARIETY OF

HINTS,

THROWN OUT IN A VARIETY OF WAYS,

FOR

EVANGELICAL MINISTERS, CHURCHES, AND CHRISTIANS,

BY

GREGORY GODOLPHIN.

"Look in this mirror and behold thy face."

BOSTON:
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PREFACE.

"Of making many books there is no end." Thus spake king Solomon, and if he had lived in this day, he probably would have seen no reason to alter this opinion. Has not this age somewhere been called a book-making age? Every one, however, who makes a book, whether from his own brain, or from other men's productions, has some motive or motives for doing so. The writer of this volume was actuated by certain motives in preparing it, which were entirely satisfactory to his own mind; but he does not apprehend that it will particularly subserve the cause of truth to make known to the public what these motives

were. Therefore the readers of the Unique may ascribe to the author such motives as their good sense may dictate. If they give him the credit of good motives, he will be glad; if bad, he will be sorry; but yet not sorry that he wrote the book.

If you say to a poet that a certain thing, in any of his productions, is improper, or inaccurate, or offends good taste, or find any kind of fault—he answers, "Oh, that is allowed by poetic license." Poetic license is a curious sort of a character. He throws the mantle of charity over many things that, otherwise, would suffer by exposure.

The author of this work thinks that he ought to be indulged with a sort of poetic license; and that the fault-finders should all remember that the book is unique—a book of its own kind—unlike other books—and therefore great and charitable allowance should be made. He cannot see why he should not escape on the ground of an unique license, as well as the

poet on the ground of a poetic license. However, as some may be unwilling to grant him any such license, he would say, that should any fastidious readers object to the language used by any of the characters that figure in this book, they must remember that it is unreasonable to make the author responsible for the language of every church member. He does not keep a school to teach them, and he did not deem it his duty to correct them. They must talk in their own way. Should any say, No man ever reasoned as foolishly as some in this book are said to have done, the writer would not contradict such, but, gently begging their pardon, would take the liberty to remark that they are mistaken. He knows of facts that would perfectly satisfy any ingenuous minded man, that some church members reasoned, or, more properly, talked, even more foolishly than any of the talkers in this book.

Possibly, some may object to the representations herein contained, and say they do

not fairly describe evangelical ministers, churches and Christians.* Two things the writer would request the objector to keep in kind remembrance. First, that he nowhere intimates that these representations are applicable to all cases. Second, that if the objector does not know of cases to which they are applicable, others may. The objector is not competent to decide this point, unless he is acquainted with all the evangelical ministers, churches and Christians in the United States. It may be a very easy thing for him to say, the picture is overdrawn, but it would be a very difficult matter to prove it. It may be objected to the contents of the Unique, that they *expose* too many things in the religious world. Gentle objector, remember, worldly men know all these things, and complain that religious people try to cover them up. They certainly

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*It is possible for a man to be a *Christian*, and maintain a course not *strictly evangelical.*

will think none the worse of Christians, if they speak and write about the evils in the church, and by so doing, try to bring about a more evident consistency between the Christian profession and practice.

It may be said that in some of the narratives, matters are introduced that do not strictly belong there. That is true; but in all such instances there was a special object in view, and it would make too long a story for the writer to explain, in each instance, what that object was. Having said thus much, he leaves his readers to find whatever fault they please.

Should any persons suppose *they* are represented by any of the characters herein drawn, the author can only say, they know much better than he does, how nearly these characters correspond with their own, and if they find coats that fit them, he would on no account whatever, take the responsibility of saying they must not wear them. Rather will it be his prayer, that in wearing them they may find

much comfort; that they may warm them, as well as cover them; and prove useful and well-fitting garments. He does not say that he had any persons in view, but should any think so, he would by no means interfere with their freedom of opinion.

No doubt there will be a difference of opinion in reference to the Unique. While some may think it was called for, and came just in the nick of time, others may think it was uncalled for, and had better been burned than published. Probably some cautious, prudent brethren will wisely shrug the shoulders, and still more wisely shake the head, and say, I am rather afraid of its influence; and others, perhaps, will say, I think it will prove useful. At any rate, I am willing it should be read, and then leave it to a higher power to take care of its influence.

"Some said, John, print it, others said, not so.
Some said, it might do good, others said, no."

Many ministers, churches, and private Christians can take useful *hints* from this book, if they choose; and if they do not choose to do so, the responsibility will lie at their own door. Should any individuals take a *hint* from it, that should exert a good practical influence upon their lives, the writer will be perfectly satisfied with that, and will cheerfully let them think of him and his book in any manner that will be most comfortable to themselves.

People often speak, when discussing the merits of any publication, as if this world were all in all. We should remember that there is another world, of much more importance to us than this. The writer has tried to keep this fact in view.

Had he written *merely to please*, he would have taken a different subject; or, at least, he would have omitted much that this volume contains.

Unique Street, Castle Terrace,
November 9th, 1843.

THE UNIQUE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MINISTRY OF REV. HEZEKIAH BLUEVILLE.

"A man he was to all the country dear."

On a mild and balmy day towards the close of the summer of 18—, just as the sun was beginning to peep over the mountains, and scatter by his genial rays the mists that had shrouded the valley of A——, two young men with quickened pace were hurrying along the somewhat winding and romantic road of that valley, and rapidly lessening the distance between them and the pleasant village of B——, nothing of which could as yet be discerned, but the spire of its neat and pretty church.

Something in their looks, as the bland

zephyrs of the morn threw back their flurried and flowing locks, denoted a sorrowful earnestness, which, with the celerity of their movements, plainly evinced that they had some object before them of more than ordinary interest. Not a word was spoken. In silence they hastened onward, and the stillness of the vale, save when broken now and then by the clear, sweet carol of some morning songster, seemed so pensively in accordance with the feelings of the *brothers*, for brothers they were, that both were reluctant to invade it by the sounds of the human voice. In this way they reached the village, and then they spoke not; not even to those who were going forth to the labors of the day; but quickly passing nearly the whole length of its beautiful green, on both sides of which stately trees were gently waving their rich and luxuriant foliage, they for a moment stopped. Then opening the gate of a small front yard tastily adorned with flowers of every hue, giving off their sweetest fragrance to the morning air, they noiselessly trod its little walk. With trembling hand the latch of the door was raised, and then half smothered notes of mourning fell upon their ears. The

tones of a sister's voice were heard, but alas, how changed! How different from those blithe and joyous tones with which she had invariably greeted them on previous visits to their home.

Vainly endeavoring to subdue her grief, how mournfully did she cry, "Oh James, Oh Henry, dear father has gone; he is dead! he is dead!!"

We will not detain the reader at the house of mourning. We will not dwell upon the anguish of the brothers, the sister, the mother, the whole family. Suffice it to say, he whom they now mourned was a man of God, a minister of the gospel, a father in Israel. As he had lived, so he died, trusting in Christ alone for salvation; and when "heart and flesh failed him," his Redeemer did not desert him, but by "his rod and his staff comforted him" as he passed "through the valley of the shadow of death."

Rev. Hezekiah Blueville was settled in A——, in 17——; and if he had remained on earth but one month more, he would have been the pastor of the church in that village forty-seven years. Being but twenty-four

years of age when ordained as the spiritual guide of his people, he gave them the vigor of his youth, the strength of his ripened manhood, and the experience of his age. He ardently loved his flock, and desired no greater blessing than to "spend and be spent" in doing good among them. Cheerfully did he labor "in season and out of season," to benefit the precious, deathless souls committed to his charge; and many and earnest were his prayers that these labors might not be in vain. His prayers *were* heard; these labors *were not* in vain; God signally blessed them, and honored him as the instrument of leading his own people in the "*right way*," and of turning many sinners to righteousness, who doubtless will shine as gems in his brilliant crown forever.

If the pastor loved his people, among whom he thus was blessed, it may of a truth be said that the people sincerely loved their pastor. Although the greater portion of those who composed the church and congregation at the time of his ordination had entered the world beyond the tomb, there were a little remnant of his own age, and still a few more who were nearly as far advanced in life as himself, re-

maining at the day of his death. These cherished feelings of the highest regard and truest affection for their devoted pastor; and those that were younger, even down to the children, loved and reverenced this holy servant of the Lord.

"Ev'n children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile."

As a preacher, he was plain, earnest and impressive, always delivering sermons that interested, and which, at the same time, clearly disclosed the fact that his object was not so much to gain the applause of the people, as it was to do them good, and thereby secure the approbation of his God.

Perhaps scarcely any minister would come nearer Cowper's familiar description of a good preacher.

"Simple, grave, sincere,
In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men."

Probably the only thing in his preaching that might be objectionable to *some* of our own time was, that a large portion of his sermons were of a doctrinal character; not dry doctrinal discussions; but doctrine so judiciously blended with precept and practical teaching, that it seldom failed to instruct and edify his hearers, whether *such* would be its effect upon *some* of the present day, or not.

As he was very methodical in all his arrangements, and kept a diary, an account of his preaching, baptisms, marriages, funerals, expenditures, &c., we are able to give some details, which will show, to some extent at least, the labors and usefulness of this venerable Christian minister.

He preached in his own meeting-house	4073	times.
In school-houses in his own parish	2304	"
In private houses in his own parish	1211	"
In other towns, on all occasions	1097	"
	8685	

He baptized among his own people and in other places during his ministry, 1503 individuals. He married 1347 couples, and attended 1918 funerals. The church numbered 91 when he was settled, and 279 when he died.

Any one considering further the prayer and conference and church meetings he must have attended, ministers' meetings, associational and other meetings abroad, ordinations, installations, dedications, &c., in which he must have participated, pastoral visitation, parochial calls, time occupied in study, and the cares and duties necessarily attendant upon a large family—any one, we say, considering all these things, will see that his long life must have been diligently occupied in the sphere in which Providence had placed him. It is proper here to remark, that there were eleven seasons of special out-pourings of the Spirit under his labors,—eleven glorious revivals, when great numbers were converted to God, and when, consequently, his cares and anxieties were greatly increased.

The salary that this useful minister of Jesus received, was at first $300 a year; and it was increased from time to time by the choice of his people, till it amounted to $500. It averaged during the 47 years, $425, which amounted to $19,975

Marriage fees, 2,428

$22,403

This $22,403, with money presented, and small sums obtained for occasional services in other places, which in all might have amounted to $1000 more, with discreet and commendable economy comfortably maintained his family, and enabled him to bring up his children in a manner alike honorable to his good sense and piety. In this connexion, however, we should add that his kind people presented him with clothing, fuel, vegetables, hay, and other useful articles, to the value of, as near as he could judge, $75 or $80 a year. Being affectionately attached to *him* and *his*, they took delight in bringing their free-will offerings to his house.

Such were his resources; and with a generous heart, his hand was ever open to supply the wants of the needy and the suffering: he was also a liberal donor to the different benevolent societies of his day. He educated two of his sons, who as scholars ranked high in the university. One of them is now a minister of the gospel in a neighboring state, and the other is an eminent physician, with a large and successful practice, in one of our Atlantic cities. The two sons referred to at the commence-

ment of this narrative, were pursuing their studies in an academy, preparatory for college, at the time of their father's decease.

As he never felt that he needed more salary than his people of their own accord cheerfully paid him, he never asked for more; and although he had repeated calls from other churches, where larger sums were offered, he promptly declined them all. Once receiving a call from a city church, which tendered him what in those days seemed an exorbitant salary, and in which many inducements were mentioned for him to leave the country, and take the oversight of the large church in the city, some of his members expressed strong fears that he would accept the invitation. However, they had not as yet learned what was his *spirit* and *character*; and he settled the matter on the following Sabbath to their entire satisfaction. After mentioning the call, and the various reasons urged therein for his acceptance of the same, he said, "Brethren, I shall not leave you as long as you will keep me; for here I wish to live, here I wish to die, and here I wish to be buried." Many were so much affected that they could not refrain from

tears of joy; being so suddenly and so agreeably relieved from their burden of anxiety, by this affectionate and decisive declaration. Though beloved before, this seemed to endear him still more to his people.

Neither greater emoluments, nor a field more inviting to a minister desiring popularity, could shake his resolution to remain with his first and only charge. In some of the places to which he was strongly solicited, his talents undoubtedly would have gained him more renown, but he was satisfied with the honor that he did receive, and neither sought nor cared for greater.

> "Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
> Nor e'er had changed nor wished to change his place."

One of our oldest colleges conferred upon him the degree of D. D., but he meekly declined it, deeming it unadvisable to make distinctions among ministering brethren, and saying, "that after all the palliating reasons urged in defence, it was nothing more nor less than being called Rabbi, which the Saviour commands his ministers never to be called."

But his race is run. He has fought the good fight, and has finished his work on the earth. Vigorous and active, though upwards of threescore and ten, "his eye not being dim, nor his natural force abated," he was suddenly cut down in the midst of his usefulness. After faithfully preaching the precious truths of the gospel on a Sabbath morning from the words, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," and expatiating upon the Christian's blissful inheritance with unusual fervor and animation, little realizing how soon he should be a partaker of that inheritance, he was violently seized with an alarming disorder; and as the sun of the succeeding day was serenely going down beneath the western horizon, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, and was borne to his home in heaven. The grass has now grown over his grave. The marble erected by his congregation (for they would erect it, and *all* were so desirous of doing something towards it that no one was allowed to pay but a trifle) points out his grave from the others. And be it remembered he went down to that "grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season"—honored by all—and his

memory deeply enshrined in the *hearts* of his people.

Oh who does not wish, when we contemplate such ministers and churches, that ministers and people *now* would love each other more—would live together and labor together till death dissolves the union—instead of the exciting, turbulent, ever-shifting scenes that in this day are so painfully frequent in Zion.

CHAPTER II.

REV. PAUL H. CLARENDON.

Rev. Mr. Clarendon was settled in a large manufacturing town of New England, in 1835, over the Orthodox Congregationalist church, which at that time numbered 237 members. He was pleased with his people, and they were apparently satisfied with their minister. The congregation, which had considerably dwindled at the time of Mr. Clarendon's settlement, in consequence, to some extent doubtless, of the church being destitute of a pastor for nearly a year, began to increase under his ministrations, and has continued on the increase up to the present time; and now their commodious house of worship is filled with attentive hearers. He has also been blessed with two delightful revivals, and has had the satisfaction of adding more than 100 to the church.

The salary Mr. Clarendon at first received,

was $650 a year, which was considered by the majority of the church quite a liberal amount; although they were a wealthy people, and several of them lived at the rate of $2000 a year. They knew, however, that their minister could not possibly live more than decently on this salary. By contriving, he could go along so as to obtain food and clothing for his family, and keep out of debt; and that was all he could do. There were several theological books that he felt were needed upon the shelves of his library, but he could not purchase them, as his income would not allow it.

Some of his church members were so deeply impressed with the belief that the Lord would not keep him humble unless they kept him poor, that they were very anxious that his salary should be reduced. Accordingly one of them, Ira Jenifer, moved in a church meeting not very fully attended, in the year 1838, "that the salary of our pastor be reduced to $600." This man, whose family was not as large as his minister's, and who spent his $1300 a year, and yet thought he lived quite economically, said, "I am really afraid our

minister is getting too rich. I think he might live on less money with comfort; and if he cannot, it is because he is too extravagant." This "*consistent jewel*" of a brother considered it very proper that he should keep two fine, high spirited horses, and several kinds of riding vehicles which he used but little; but he thought it was highly improper for Mr. Clarendon to keep one poor old horse and chaise, to visit his parishioners who lived in the outskirts of the town; "for," said he in this meeting, "I see no reason for this *unnecessary expense*, as our minister is a strong, healthy man, and is able to walk for all purposes of visiting." He also said, "I never thought it well to give ministers large salaries. The fact is, *human nature* is *human nature*,* and they cannot bear it. The more money they have, the less faithful they are.† Now Mr. Dangley,

*As no one will probably dispute this sage remark, those who may desire a particular explication of Ira Jenifer's views, must go to him, as the writer does not feel competent to explain for him.

†If this rule is correct, and works both ways, then it follows that the less money a minister has, the

in the city of ——, has $2000, and preaches *twice* a week; our minister has $650, and preaches *three* times a week; and if he had but $400, I suppose he would preach *four* times a week; *therefore* I go for reducing the salary of our pastor."

Another brother of very limited views said, "I work hard all the week, and receive for my labor only about $200 a year; and I don't see why our minister, who *works only on Sunday*, should be paid such a great salary."

Another one said, "It has been a source of vexation to me that we have to pay so much to ministers. When I look at our church, and see how many of us have to labor for our bread, and how many hours each day those of us work who are in the factories, I must say it makes me feel unpleasantly to be compelled to pay such a heavy salary." This man received $400 a year, as an overseer in the factory, and paid five dollars a year towards the salary; while some of the females who worked

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more faithful he will be; consequently the only way to make a minister wholly consecrated to his work, is to deprive him entirely of money.

in his room, and received about three dollars a week, paid $10, $15, and even $20 towards it. Another said, "I think the salary is small enough. Many ministers less worthy than our devoted pastor receive much more. I would with all my heart vote to raise the salary $50 more, and pay my part towards it; but brethren, I feel that I should act a mean and contemptible part, if I should vote to reduce it $50." This man was a day laborer, and paid $8 towards the salary. He studied his Bible much, and said "*that* taught him not to 'muzzle the mouth of the ox when he treadeth out the corn.'"

Said another, "I believe our minister is a man of God, and labors for the good of souls; and I have never thought that we paid him any too much for his labors. I cannot conscientiously vote for a reduction of the salary."

However, the motion was carried by a small majority, and a record made of it upon the books of the church.

The next day Mrs. Clarendon said to her husband, "I think it was too bad in the church passing that vote last night. If I were you, I would resign at once; I would not stay with

such a church; that I wouldn't." Mr. Clarendon meekly replied, for he was a very pious and humble man, "My dear, I think we had better take no notice of it at all; we can get along you know, for as good Oliver Heywood used to say,

> 'When cruise and barrel both are dry,
> We still will trust in God most high.'"

Mrs. Clarendon was really a good woman, and gave abundant evidence that she loved the Saviour; but she had considerable of *that* which some call spirit, and others call spunk; and she tartly answered, "*get along!*—no, I don't know that we can *get along*. I'm sure we have had to set our wits at work to economize in every possible way, to *get along* on what we have had; and now it is cut short $50, I don't see how we shall *get along* at all. Besides, you know I told you the other day we must have a girl this summer, for sister and I *cannot* do all the work any longer. I am most dead now, and it won't take long to finish me if I've got to work at this rate."

"I guess," answered her imperturbably

mild husband, "the Lord will take care of us. I do not feel much concerned about it."

"*Concerned!*" retorted Mrs. C., with considerable feeling, "I never saw any one like *you—concerned!* why, you wouldn't be *concerned* at anything. I don't believe you would be *concerned* if the house was on fire." "Oh yes I should, my dear," replied Mr. C., with undisturbed equanimity. "I should at any rate feel concerned to get you and the children out, and also my library; for poor as it is, I cannot afford to lose it." "Well, at any rate," said Mrs. C., "if I were *you* I would *not* stay here. I wouldn't be treated so shamefully. I wish you had *more spirit*, and would let the people know you were not going to be abused in this manner. Other ministers wouldn't bear it, and why must you?"

Mr. Clarendon in this case did not follow the advice of his wife, although he often did in other cases. He kept along in his course just as he had done, working for his Master without saying a word about salary; and the sequel will show that he lost nothing, but rather gained in temporal things, by this vote of the church. Several of the more able brethren in

pecuniary matters felt so aggrieved, that they made up a purse for him among themselves, of $135, and presented it to him in about three weeks after the above mentioned vote was carried. It seemed also providential, that within a few weeks of this time, a gentleman came on from New York, to take unto himself his affianced wife, a daughter of one of the church members, to whom he had been betrothed some two years or more. This gentleman was a wealthy merchant; and being quite flush of money just then, Mr. Clarendon received as his marriage fee a $50 bill.

At the beginning of the year 1839 the church passed a vote to increase the salary of their minister $100; consequently since that time he has been receiving $700 a year; and Mrs. Clarendon says that "*now they are getting along very well.*"

CHAPTER III.

AN ANTI-SLAVERY DIALOGUE.

Scene.—A pastor's study. Rev. Dennis Blackenburn seated at his table, and busily engaged in preparing a sermon upon the exciting topics of the age, to preach in New York city, before the —— ——, at the spring anniversaries. Enter Peter Farrington, a man about forty years of age, who has been a member of Mr. Blackenburn's church eleven years.

F. Excuse me for interrupting you, but I feel so much interested in the subject we had a few words about last evening at br. Smith's, that I want to talk with you further about it, if you can spare the time.

B. It is true I am somewhat busy, but yet I am ready to hear what you have to say.

F. I will come then to the point at once, and ask you a question I have long wanted to ask you; and that is, do you, my dear pastor, conscientiously think that your course in refer-

ence to the anti-slavery cause has been such as God can approve?

B. Certainly, certainly I do, or I should have taken a different course.

F. It may be that I am wrong, but for a long time I have felt that you were not acting *consistently* as a minister of the gospel, in reference to the poor, down-trodden slave.

B. General assertions, and unqualified remarks, you know, prove nothing, br. Farrington. Now if I have erred in my course, the only way for you to convince me of my error is, to proceed to particulars; and in the spirit of Christian kindness to point out the ways in which you think I have not acted consistently in regard to this subject. My mind, I trust, is open to conviction, and if you can show me that I am wrong in my course, I will cheerfully and immediately alter it, and will be grateful to you for assisting me in seeing my duty more clearly, and acting more understandingly.

F. I admire the spirit you manifest, and do believe you wish to do that which is right; and I also feel that my motives in seeking this conversation with you are good; and therefore,

according to your desire, I will point out some ways in which I think you have not been *consistent*. In the first place then, it seems to me very *inconsistent* in you as a minister, to refuse to preach plainly against that aggravated and abominable iniquity, slavery. I believe the Bible denounces slavery; and that it is as much the duty of the watchmen on Zion's walls to warn the people against this sin, as any other.

B. Have I never preached against slavery? What was the subject of my discourse on Fast day?

F. I believe you did mention it then, among the other sins of the nation; but what I mean is, preach whole sermons against it, and let the people know that you are a strong abolitionist; the same as Mr. Blarney, of Trotland, does.

B. Mention it among other sins! Why the greater portion of the morning's sermon was about the heinousness of slavery; and I expressed myself so strongly that many of our people, as you are aware, thought I went too far. Deacon Vuel was so offended, that he said "if he had known that I was going to

meddle with the slavery question, he would have staid at home; and that if I preached in that manner again, he would take his hat, and leave the meeting-house."

F. Well, but deacon Vuel you know is a regular pro-slavery man, dyed in the wool. He is behind the age; and isn't worth minding. But why don't you preach like Mr. Blarney? He comes out!

B. Stop a moment. Would you have me do as he has done? Like him keep bringing the subject before the people till divisions arise in the church, and a scene be enacted here similar to that which has taken place in Trotland?

F. Perhaps br. Blarney has been imprudent, and sometimes pressed his point rather too hard; but I believe he is a praying man, and has the cause of the poor slave deeply at heart. I don't think I ever heard him pray without remembering the slave in his chains.

B. Do not fly off in a tangent from the question. You have not answered me. Do you want me to pursue the same course here, that he has at Trotland?

F. Why! I don't want any trouble in the church. I do not desire you to do exactly as he has done, but I do wish you would preach as heartily against slavery as he does.

B. Heartily! Why I am sure I hate slavery from my heart, and when I preach against it, I preach with all my heart. How does Mr. Blarney preach?

F. PREACH!!! I wish you could hear him once. His eyes flash fire; and his very soul burns with the wrongs of the poor, degraded slaves. And the way he denounces slave-holders. I tell you I should pity any slaveholder that should happen to hear him. He says they are "*robbers*, *murderers*, *cut-throats*, *pirates*, *licentious brutes*, *incarnate* DEVILS, *monsters* in the shape of *human* beings, reeking with HUMAN blood, and revelling in the *tears*, and *stripes*, and *groans*, and *wrongs*, and *miseries* of the wretched." Such plain dealing you know excites the people, and leads them to look into the subject of slavery.

B. Do you wish me to call slaveholders such names?

F. I believe they deserve them.

B. But do you wish me to call them so in the pulpit?

F. As long as they deserve them, I do.

B. Do you think denouncing them in that manner has any tendency to lead them to renounce slavery?

F. I cannot say as to that, but whether it would or not, I think it would awaken an interest among the people.

B. So do I. I think it would awaken very much such an interest as there has been at Trotland. You said you never heard Mr. Blarney pray without remembering the slave. Do you think it was right for him invariably to pray for the slave?

F. To be sure I do. I shouldn't think it right if he did not.

B. Did you ever hear him pray without remembering the heathen?

F. Oh yes! many times.

B. Was that right?

F. Was what right?

B. Was it right for him to pray and not remember the wretched, idolatrous heathen?

F. He feels an interest for them. At the last concert——

B. That is not the point. Is it right for him to pray without remembering the heathen nations?

F. Perhaps he thinks as some others do, that there are so many who pray for the heathen, that it is not necessary for him to remember them in every prayer. But he does plead fervently for the slave when he prays.

B. I see you avoid answering my question; and now, my brother, look at it. There are hundreds of heathen to one slave; and how is it that you can feel such a deep, all-absorbing interest for our 3,000,000 slaves, and feel comparatively so little interest for hundreds of millions of idolaters, living in the grossest spiritual darkness, sunken in every vice, and exposed to all that is terrific in the wrath of an offended God? I confess I cannot understand it.

F. I do feel for the wretched heathen; but you know there are multitudes to feel for them, while there are only a few who feel for the slave in his bondage.

B. I do not know that; I wish all Christians felt for both as they ought. Do you think I feel for the slave?

F. Some; I suppose you would like to have slavery abolished, but you do not take that active stand against it which I think every minister should.

B. What stand ought I to take?

F. As I said before, preach more pointedly against this sin—have an anti-slavery monthly concert established in the church, and urge the people to attend it.

B. Well, suppose I should; what would be the result?

F. The people would be enlightened, and would feel and act for the slave; an anti-slavery society would be speedily formed, and vigorous measures adopted to benefit the cause.

B. Well, what then?

F. Why then—the—the society would pass resolutions against slavery. Money would be freely given to publish books and pamphlets, and to aid lecturers in going about the country to stir up the people. I should rejoice to have such a society here, and see my honored pastor the president of it.

Here this dialogue was interrupted; and before Mr. Farrington had another opportunity of calling upon his minister to finish it, and to

show him still further his *inconsistency*, he heard of the death of his only brother, who had been residing for several years in Georgia. He, being sole heir to his estate, found it necessary to repair immediately to the south. Eight *slaves* were left by that brother. Mr. Farrington, after duly and prayerfully considering what he should do in reference to them, came at last to the conclusion that the *poor creatures* were totally *incapacitated* to take care of themselves; and consequently out of entire and generous charity towards THEM, ☞SOLD☜ *them* to a *Christian master*, who by inquiries he learned had always treated his slaves with *remarkable kindness*.

After his return from Georgia, he did not seem particularly desirous of resuming the conversation with his pastor upon the subject of slavery, but rather appeared to avoid it when he two or three times incidentally adverted to it.

He was heard to say "that he thought Mr. Blackenburn a most pious and excellent man; and, upon the whole, one of the most CONSISTENT ministers of the gospel he had ever known."

CHAPTER IV.

REV. THEOPHILUS MERTON.

In July 1837, an acquaintance commenced with the Rev. Mr. Merton, the pastor of the Baptist church in the populous and flourishing town of ——, in the state of New York. He had then been settled two years and seven months. During the first year he had baptized five; in the second year nine; and in the last seven months twenty-one. It was said that he was much beloved, both by his church and congregation. The truth or falsity of this remark we do not pretend to decide, but leave each reader to receive his own impression from the remainder of the narrative.

The church was quite large, consisting of 317 members, comprising many classes and kinds of people. The salary was $700 per annum, and with all *his* contriving and economy, it cost Mr. Merton more than $800 to support his family. Perhaps he was not as

skillful in managing his pecuniary concerns as *some* ministers are; but be that as it may, *he* could not live on his salary. The church were aware of this fact, and were able if they pleased, to pay three times $700, and yet they did not increase his salary.

Mr. Merton was a small man in body, but capable of considerable physical endurance, and always enjoyed good health. He was about four years on the wrong side of thirty; of mild and pleasing address; in talents, above mediocrity, and of fair and solid attainments, having passed through college and the theological seminary with much credit as a scholar. He was a godly man—preached with all his heart, and labored hard in many ways to do good to his church and congregation. He was much engaged in his work, but evidently thought too much of what the people said about him. He had a peculiar sort of *sensitiveness*, which if a minister is so unfortunate as to possess, he should resolutely strive to overcome; inasmuch as to some extent it stands in the way of his usefulness. Mr. Merton seemed to forget that it was impossible to please all men, and was sorely afflicted if he

found that his public ministrations, or pastoral labors, did not give entire satisfaction to every individual. So very *sensitive* was he, that if any of his members incidentally observed, "Your sermon last Sabbath morning was not equal to the one in the afternoon," or dropped any similar remark,—as he expressed himself, "It made him nervous all day long."

A friend of his says, "One time when I called upon him, I was much amused at his expense, seeing what a grievous trouble he made out of a mere nothing. Said he, 'I preached last Sabbath afternoon a sermon upon the atonement, which occupied fifty minutes. I had spent much time upon it, and had prepared it with great care. As I was leaving the meeting-house, deacon Woolvane said to me, 'I liked your sermon, but you did not do justice to your subject, because you did not take time enough. If you had preached some fifteen or twenty minutes more, you would have done up the matter finely.' Now this morning I was at brother Shifter's house; and in the course of conversation he referred to that sermon, and said, 'I thought your views were just, and I was pleased with your man-

ner of treating that important doctrine; but you preached too long to interest. I tell you what, brother Merton, ministers make a mistake when they preach over forty minutes. They had better fall below than go beyond forty minutes.''

'Now,' said he, with quite a mournful cast of countenance, and for the life of me I could not help laughing as I looked upon it, 'what shall a poor fellow do, when he prepares an occasional sermon with elaborate care, hoping to benefit and satisfy his people, and finds that one thinks it too long, and another too short?—but what are you laughing at?' Why I cannot help laughing, said I, to see what a sorrowful look you put on, and what a grievous affair your *sensitiveness* leads you to imagine this is. Do you suppose that all your sermons will please every hearer? If you do, you will find yourself amazingly mistaken, I assure you. The only way to get along comfortably is, to preach the truth as plainly and forcibly as you can, and take no notice of any such remarks people may make about your discourses. As to pleasing all, if you undertake to do it you will find yourself in the same

predicament with the poor man in the fable who tried to please all; sometimes riding on his ass, then letting his son ride, then both riding at once, and then again, neither riding; but whichever way it was, some would find fault. You will be compelled also to come to the same conclusion with this man—that is, do what you think is best, let the people say what they please.

Now is not that right? Is not that the best way for you to do? 'Why yes,' said he, 'I suppose it is, but my *sensitiveness*, as you call it, is so great, that in spite of all that I can do, these sort of things do plague me.' Here our conversation was ended by a person calling to request Mr. Merton to go immediately to see one of his parishioners, who had met with a dangerous accident, and was not expected to live.

Poor Mr. Merton! his sensitiveness was indeed distressingly acute, and was soon the means of his leaving. How this happened may be gathered from the following extract of a letter which we received from him soon after his resignation.

"The expenses of living being very high

in ——, and receiving nothing but my salary and some $30 or $40 a year from marriages, the people not being in the habit of making presents to their minister, I found that each year I was running in debt some $60 or $70. None of my own relatives being able to help me, my father having done all he possibly could do in assisting me to obtain my education, I was exceedingly distressed, and knew not what to do. I consulted with a ministering brother, who advised me to make known my case to the church. I told him many of the members already knew about my affairs. He said that was not the thing; and that I ought to make a fair and open statement at some full meeting of the church.

"After thinking the matter over a few days, and in fact nights too, for it worried me so much I could sleep but little, I concluded to follow his advice. Accordingly, at our next monthly church meeting I candidly stated just how I was situated, and then left the vestry. The next day deacon Woolvane called, and informed me that the church had voted to raise my salary to $800. This, of course, considerably relieved my mind, especially as

deacon W. was very kind, and expressed himself as highly gratified with the way in which I had stated my circumstances before the church. But the *trial* was to come. I soon found that all the members were not like deacon W. I heard of many complaints. One said, 'I shouldn't have thought our minister would have *hinted* for an increase of salary.' Another said, 'Mr. Merton is too *extravagant*.' A third said, 'his wife need not *dress* so expensively.' A fourth, 'he might live in a *smaller* house.' A fifth, 'it don't cost me anything like $700 to support *my* family, and it is *larger* than his.' And thus one said one thing, and another another, till I was so fretted and nervous I was almost afraid I should lose my senses. Oh, how heartily did I wish I had never opened my mouth about my pecuniary embarrassments. I talked with deacon Woolvane about the matter, and he told me not to mind anything that was said—to just let it alone, and it would all soon blow over. I tried to follow his advice, but I could not. I summoned all my philosophy to my aid, and determined that I would not let such trifling matters harrass me. I denounced myself as

foolish and *weak* for thinking and caring so much for them. But it was in vain—all would not avail, and I found no peace till my connexion with the church was dissolved."

Mr. Merton is now the pastor of the church in the wealthy farming town of P——, where his ministry is much blessed; the fruits of it already having been seen in a precious revival. He has had the pleasure of baptizing forty-seven converts, and of seeing many backsliders return to their Father's house. His salary is $600, which, with numerous presents, (such as wealthy farmers of generous hearts often give,) affords him a comfortable maintenance; as the expenses of living are much less than in ——. He has not entirely overcome his SENSITIVENESS yet; but says he "don't care *half* as much as he used to, what people say about him."

It is due to the church in ——, to say that they raised by subscription a sum of money sufficient to liquidate the debts of Mr. Merton, so that he left the place unembarrassed. They have now settled the gifted Rev. Charles Melville, and find no difficulty whatever in paying him a salary of $900.

CHAPTER V.

A BURLESQUE LETTER.

Mr. Daniel Berkland was a Christian gentleman of the legal profession, and was one of the best hearted men in the world. He was somewhat eminent as a lawyer, and had an extensive practice. His clients, as a general thing, were a very honest class of men, because it was understood throughout the region, that Squire Berkland resorted to no *chicanery*, never took advantage of his clients by prolonging their cases, or making them unnecessary trouble and expense; but always advised them to let the law alone, when they could in any practicable manner adjust their difficulties without it; for strange as it may seem to some—

"There are who, living by the legal pen,
Are held in honor—honorable men;
Men who would starve, ere meanly deign to live
On what deception and chicanery give."

Squire Berkland was known, in repeated instances, to interpose so successfully between

contending parties, as to lead them to a happy and amicable settlement; so that instead of going to law, they actually became strong friends through his kind and Christian-like mediation; when by fanning the flame a little, he might have carried the cases through *many* cents, and put *handsome* fees into his pocket.

Such being his character, it cannot be wondered at, that good men, *forced* into the law, would naturally apply to him.

Squire Berkland had formed a very strong attachment to his pastor as a man, and highly respected him as his spiritual guide and counsellor. His pastor warmly reciprocated his friendship, and greatly esteemed him as an active and devoted Christian. He often used to say to his wife, "I wish we had more of such straight-forward Christians in the world as Squire Berkland."

The Squire was afflicted in all his pastor's afflictions. He could not bear to see him in the least troubled, or depressed in spirit; and whenever he found him in this condition, would be contriving something to cheer him up; and having a curious vein of humor, he almost always succeeded. One time calling

at his house, he found him quite dejected, because complaints were rife in the parish that he did not *visit* enough. Many of the people murmured loudly, and some with considerable acrimony; although the fact was, the good man *visited* as much as he could, consistently with attending to his other duties. After the Squire went to his office, the thought struck him that he would write his minister an amusing letter; hoping thereby to give a turn to his feelings, and lead him to see that it was not wise to trouble himself with unreasonable complainers. The following is a copy of the letter, which he wrote immediately, and sent to his pastor's house in the evening.

M——, *March* 19, 18—.

Rev. and Dear Sir:—I am sorry to write you such a letter as my duty imperatively demands, because I am aware that of all classes of men, ministers are the last that are willing to take any sort of advice. Devoutly hoping, however, that you may prove an exception to your profession in this respect, I reluctantly gird up my loins to my onerous duty. There is a very great complaint in the parish on the

score of *visiting;* and really sir, unless there can be a change on your part in this respect, the sooner you pull up your stakes and go, the better it will be, both for you and the people. I candidly acknowledge that I am myself one of the complainers, and I believe your good sense will at once lead you to see the reasonableness of my course, when I inform you that you have not darkened the door of my dwelling, since three weeks ago yesterday. Only think of that—more than three weeks have passed and gone, and you, our pastor, our guide to heaven, our minister, whom we *hire* expressly to teach us the way of life, have not called even once to give us the word of advice and counsel. Verily you cannot think it strange that we are dissatisfied, and feel that unless you can alter your course, we must have another and a better minister.

Now sir, I will inform you what I shall require of you, if you remain among us. I shall expect you without fail to *visit* my house once a week, and spend one hour in personal, religious conversation and prayer with the members of my family. I cannot put up with anything short of this. Now I have reckoned

up all the houses in the parish at which you are expected to *call*, that is, houses in which families and portions of families live who attend our meeting; and I find them to be 153. At each of these houses, of course, it is your duty to *visit*, and as it would be partial and improper in you to call at my house oftener than you do at the others, or remain there longer, it follows that at each of the 153 houses you must call once a week, and remain one hour: that is, you must *visit* 153 hours each week, (not including the time going and coming) which, as you may readily perceive, is a fraction less than twenty-two hours each day.

You may say, it is unreasonable to require such an amount of *visiting*; but be it so or be it not so, we can get along with nothing less. You may possibly object to it, on the ground that it does not leave you time sufficient to attend to other important and necessary duties. I have made the following calculation of the hours you will probably need each day for other things, and when they are all added together with the twenty-two above, you can judge whether you can or cannot make so many hours out of each day.

We shall cheerfully say that you need six hours for sleep. We are willing that you should have three meals a day, and as twenty minutes are sufficient for each, we set down to the account of eating, one hour. We shall expect you to preach four times every week; three on the Sabbath, and on Wednesday evening; and four hours each day we deem an ample allowance for the preparation of the four sermons. Then for attendance upon marriages, funerals, ordinations, dedications, ministers' meetings, anniversaries, &c., including time occupied in travelling to and from the places, say three hours. For attending to household duties, children, &c., three and a half hours. In preaching, attending prayer and church meetings,—time occupied in travelling to *visit*, and reading, say at the rate of four hours. Waiting upon company, and other incidentals, one hour; in all forty-four and a half hours.

This, I have no doubt, the church will consider a very judicious and agreeable division of your time. You may say you do not see how you can make forty-four and a half hours out of twenty-four; but that, you must remember, will not be absolutely necessary, provided

you can abridge the time in any of the particulars except *visiting*. It may be that *you* can get along comfortably with five hours sleep; Buonaparte took but four. Perhaps you can manage to lop off a half hour here and there of the other items; but you may rest assured that the people will be satisfied with nothing less than twenty-two hours of daily *visiting*. I am confident on this point. I speak, too, with some authority about the matter; or at least, I may say advisedly, for I have consulted with the leading brethren, and they are fully decided that nothing less than the twenty-two hours of *visiting* each day will stop the complaints, and be satisfactory to the people. We are to have a special meeting of the church next week, to act in reference to this matter. If you can come to your decision by that time, we should be happy to have you present. If you decide that you can gratify our wishes in regard to *visiting*, we shall rejoice to have you remain as our pastor; and we shall not only pay you the ample salary we have, but cheerfully raise it $100 per year. If, after duly considering the subject, howeve , you come to the conclusion that you

cannot comply with our desires, unpleasant as the alternative is, and highly as we esteem and love you, we shall be compelled to request you to ask for your dismission.

I am, Rev. Sir, with great respect, your complaining parishioner,

TIMOTHY QUINKILHORN.

This letter did not fail of its intended effect. The good man easily *guessed* from whom it came; and the next time he met the lawyer, he laughingly said, "You complaining parishioners may grumble till you are tired—I have something of more importance to attend to than to worry myself about you." "Ah!" said the Squire, shaking his head, and putting on a sort of comical look, "if you don't VISIT us more, you'll get your walking ticket at the next church meeting."

CHAPTER VI.

HENRY GREEDY.

"But man thou *seem'st;* clear therefore from thy breast
This lust of money—folly at the best!"

Henry Greedy was a farmer; he was the son of a farmer; and his father was the son of a farmer. He lived in the same house, repaire in spots it is true, which his grandfather and ther had successively occupied before him. He was in circumstances that farmers in New England generally call "forehanded;" that is, the farm which he owned, lying upon the rich banks of the beautiful river of ——, in the northern part of Massachusetts, was worth some $3,500, and comfortably supported his family, which consisted of himself, wife, and four children.

He was much respected, in a certain way, by his neighbors, notwithstanding they most fully believed that there was a curious and harmonious similarity between his name and

his disposition. Whether any such idea was imbibed from the fact well established in the neighborhood, that not a day passed away in which Mr. Greedy did not impress upon the minds of his children the sensible maxim, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," or from the circumstance that he had repeatedly been heard to say with great emphasis, "that it was wrong for a certain storekeeper in a village hard by, always to take the half cent in his dealings," or from other facts and circumstances, it behoveth not the deponents to say. One thing, however, no one had any doubt about; and that was this, that Mr. Greedy was a remarkably careful man about all his expenditures. He used to boast that he never spent money uselessly; but his neighbors thought he sometimes lost money when there was no occasion to lose it. He used to trade much in cattle, and generally wintered a large stock; and scarcely a winter passed but that more or less of them died. Now his neighbors thought that as their cattle did not die, there was no particular necessity for his cattle to die; and it was their unanimous opinion, that if he had given them

more fodder, they would have weathered the season as well as their own. One individual declared "that Mr. Greedy's cattle were so hungry, that they broke into his land, and eat up *three cords* of newly cut spruce and hemlock wood, with the exception of one very knotty log, which was so *hard* that they could not eat it, and so *tough* that he could not split it." His man called upon the minister, and desired him to have Mr. Greedy "churched," as he called it, that is, disciplined by the church, because he refused to pay for the wood.

Whether Mr. Greedy spent money carelessly or not, it was very evident that he did not *give* money away carelessly, for whatever application might be made to him, he refused to *give*. Justice, however, demands that it be acknowledged that he always had his *reasons* for not giving, and was not at all reluctant to state them. If applied to to assist a poor man, he would say "he could not conscientiously give to the poor because it made them lazy." He thought all Christians ought to refrain, on *principle*, from giving to the poor, "for," said he, "if they can live on charity they will not work .

If requested to aid a needy and suffering sick person, he would say, "when people are sick they do not need much, and that it was a mistaken kindness to beg money and buy little luxuries for them, as they made them worse." And then he would tell what a doctor once told him, which was, "that a certain poor patient of his was happily recovering from a dangerous fever, when some persons with misguided good intentions, brought her some oranges and figs, which she eat, and was thrown back again into the fever, and died." If an agent of any society applied to him, he invariably refused to give, on the ground "that it cost so much to support agents." Thus he always had his *reasons* for not giving.

It is said of Peter the Great, that when any individual told him of the faults of another, he would say, "Is there not a fair side also to the character of the person of whom you are speaking? Come, tell me his good qualities." So now, we will mention some good things about Mr. Greedy. He was very good to encourage his minister, by always being at meeting on the Sabbath, unless prevented by sickness. Neither rain, nor snow,

nor cold, nor heat, nor bad roads kept him from the sanctuary, although his house was more than two miles distant.

He was very good in regularly attending the weekly prayer meeting in the vestry, and was punctual at the time; never being ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes behind the time, as many are. And he was always ready to speak and pray; and although some of the members did not like to hear him, he prayed with considerable apparent fervor, and exhorted with more than ordinary earnestness. He was generally at the monthly church meeting; and another thing that is truly deserving of mention, he was never known to be absent from a business meeting, either of church or society. This last ought especially to be remembered to Mr. Greedy's credit, because it is a lamentable fact, that many church members seldom or never attend the business meeting, and seem to think it a sufficient reason for not going, because it *is* a business meeting; whereas no church member should ever neglect it. Another good thing about Mr. Greedy was this; that he was always willing to serve on any committee, or perform any sort of labor for

the church. He never plead off with his modest inability, like some of our brethren, who can *talk long*, and tell what ought to be done, and when requested to take hold and help *do*, say, "*Excuse me*, I think some other one can *do* better." He was ready to work in any way for the church, and although rather backward in paying his own tax, he very cheerfully went about the parish as collector, to gather the taxes of others. Some, indeed, said he did this "that he might have a good opportunity to talk with the people about the great salary he considered the minister was paid." We will, however, consider this a wicked and cruel slander, and let it pass; although we must now turn the picture over again, and look on the other side.

It must be confessed that Mr. Greedy was squeamishly sensitive about the salary in question. He said "he thought conscientiously, that his minister was paid altogether too much salary;" though the fact was, he received only $450, and had a family of nine children to maintain, the eldest of whom was not seventeen years of age. He had several times in church meeting most unequivocally advocated

the idea, that it was exceedingly pernicious to a minister "to give him more money than just enough to keep soul and body comfortably together." He unhesitatingly remarked, to the no small astonishment of his friends, "that he firmly believed more ministers had been injured by large salaries than in any other way, because it made them *vain*, and spoiled their usefulness."

To enforce this point he once used the following very expressive and dignified illustration, before about ten brethren, who composed a church meeting. "There was Mr. R——," said he, "when he was settled in N——, was a very pleasant and fine man. I used to like to meet him, he was so kind and agreeable; but after he went to the city of ——, and had a large salary, I once called on him, and he pretended he did not know me at first, but when in N——, it was always 'Br. Greedy, br. Greedy.' His great salary had puffed him up, and he was so big with importance, that I couldn't have touched him with a ten foot pole."

After having fatigued himself by this excessive effort of intellect and eloquence, Mr.

Greedy sat down, evidently highly delighted with the tremendous impression he supposed he had made upon the minds of his brethren.

All that we have now related of Mr. Greedy, was applicable to him ten years since. He is still living, and is now, in some respects, an altered man for the better. The church some eight or nine years ago took up his case, and dealt with him severely for his avarice. First they suspended him, and then excluded him; but finally he was restored, and since that time he has been more *liberal* than he was before. His *giving*, however, has not yet impoverished him, nor has it proved any serious detriment to his estate; and he still retains enough of the miser's spirit to prevent his *heirs* from fearing that such a catastrophe would speedily happen.

His children, with the exception of the youngest, do not live at home. The eldest is a married man, a thriving mechanic in Rhode Island; the next is the second mate of a Liverpool packet ship; and the third is a clerk in a dry goods store in the city of B——. We are inclined to think these sons did not profit much from their father's oft repeated maxim

already mentioned, especially the son of the ocean, who, with a sailor's prodigality, takes care of neither pence nor pound. The daughter at home, some intimate, is more like her father than either of her brothers.

The sons very seldom visit the paternal mansion. The sailor does, more than the others; and it has been hinted to us that the reason is, because there is a certain magnet in a neighboring house to his father's, that exerts quite a powerful attraction upon him.

We hope Mr. Greedy's sons are not undutiful. The clerk says *he* is not. His business confines him rather closely, and he says, "I do not like to go home on account of the *cattle;* because they look so poor and lean they deprive me of all the enjoyment I otherwise might receive. Were it not for that, I should like very much to spend a few days at home, as often as I could be spared from the store."

It is due, however, to Mr. Greedy, to say that none of his cattle have died in the winter, since he was disciplined by the church.

CHAPTER VII.

A COLLOQUY.

Scene.—Deacon Stephen Martin's store, in the bustling village of ——, in New Hampshire. Present, br. Reuben Jones, sitting on a barrel of flour, br. Jared L. Smith, sitting on the counter, br. George Orlow, standing against the desk, and deacon Martin behind it, just receipting br. Orlow's bill.

Jones. Deacon, don't you think it strange our minister preaches so much from *notes*, when he knows so many of us are opposed to 'em?

Dea. Why—y-e-s—l—should think he would preach more without them, and I have told him so, but he thinks he knows better than we do how to preach.

Smith. I have told him the same thing, and he said to me that he thought he could preach better to use 'em sometimes.

Jones. Sometimes! he now scarcely ever preaches without 'em.

Dea. I think he uses them more than he did when he was first settled among us.

Jones. That he does! Why the first year he didn't use 'em much. Once in a while he would have a little *scrap* of *paper*, but now he uses 'em every Sabbath.

Smith. I guess not every Sabbath!

Jones. Well I guess he does. I don't believe there has been a Sabbath for the last two months, but what he's used 'em—do you, deacon?

Dea. Well I can't say as to that. I have not taken particular notice to see whether he uses them every Sabbath or not, but I know he uses them a great deal more than he did. I don't think it will do any good to talk with him any more about it—I have, two or three times, and have made up my mind to let him take his own course; for he has a right to preach as he chooses.

Jones. I know he has a right to, but I should think he would want to please the people.

Smith. I tell you he thinks he can preach better if he uses *notes* part of the time.

Jones. I don't care if he does think so; he

can't. It looks to me like obstinacy, to be preaching from his *old papers* all the time, when he knows we don't like it. Now if I was a minister, I should want to please the people, and I should think I ought to please 'em when they support me, and do as well as we do by our minister.

Orlow. Hold on, br. Jones. I don't see as it looks at all like obstinacy. You go too far in talking so. Now I believe our minister preaches for our good; and if he can preach better from *notes*, I'd rather he would use them. I am sure you cannot say he is at all confined to them. He can judge much better than either you or I can, in what manner of preaching he is most likely to prove successful in doing good. And as to pleasing the people, I think he does wish to please us, and strives to please us as much as any minister would. And as to support, a minister ought not to feel that he must succumb to every whim and caprice of his people, because they pay him a salary for his labors in the gospel; for is not the "workman worthy of his reward?" I don't think we do so wonderfully well by our minister, either. I think we pay him too

little, and should be glad to have the church vote to increase his salary $100, and would pay my part towards it; for I know he has hard work to get along. Why the minister at ——, has $100 a year more than our pastor, and that church is not as able as ours. He can get more too; for the church in the city of ——, you know, offered him $250 more than we give him, and yet he refused to leave us. I believe that he is a truly pious man, and that his whole soul is bound up in trying to do us good; and I do think it is too bad to make so much fuss about such a little thing as using *notes;* and if all the time was spent in prayer, that is spent in finding fault, I think much more good would be accomplished.

Jones. I'm sure I don't want to find fault, and I'm sorry you think so, br. Orlow; but I know what I like, as well as other people; and I'd rather he'd preach without *notes.* It never seemed to me like preaching, when a man had *paper* before him.

Orlow. Well, if you don't want to find fault, why do you find fault? Any one to hear you tell about our pastor's obstinacy, and

using such harsh kind of words, would suppose you found pretty serious fault. It seems to me that you are making a great ado about nothing. Why only look! what is the trouble? Our pastor preaches from *notes*—little skeletons of sermons. He scarcely ever reads a sermon. I do not believe he has preached six sermons that were all written out, since he came here. He takes a half sheet of paper, and doubles it, and on that puts down the heads and leading remarks, and then preaches from it; and this seems to be a little matter for you to talk so harshly about. Pray what would you do if he read his sermons word for word, as many ministers do?

Jones. I wouldn't hear him at all. I shouldn't feel it my duty to go to meeting.

Dea. You said, br. Orlow, our pastor has hard work to get along; I did not know that before; at least I did not know any particulars about it, although deacon Addison hinted something of the kind to me.

Orlow. Well it is so. At the close of this last year, he was behind $73 to my certain knowledge, after being as prudent and economical as he could.

Dea. Was it so? Well, what was done about it?

Orlow. I was not going to tell you that, but as long as you have asked me, I will. Four or five of us made it up to him.

Dea. It is singular that I never heard anything about it.

Orlow. Not very singular either, because we concluded to say nothing about it at the time. But it is no matter now, as our society meeting comes tomorrow evening, and then, as I suppose deacon Addison told you, we are to see if something can't be done in the way of increasing the salary.

Dea. Yes, deacon Addison said something about it a few days since, but there were so many customers in just then, that he had no chance to tell me any particulars. I did not know why the salary was to be raised, though I supposed our pastor had complained that it was too little.

Orlow. No, he did not complain. He said not a word about his pecuniary matters, till one day when we were at his house, deacon Addison asked him in his good humored way, "how he made ends meet." He then told

us just how he was situated. Deacon Addison then turned to me, and said, "Br. Orlow, this won't do! He must not have his mind worried about how he is going to get his bread and butter."

Dea. I supposed he lived comfortably on what we paid him; but if he don't, I have no objection to his salary being raised, and I am willing to help.

Orlow. That's right. I don't think there will be any difficulty in doing what is right for him. Come, br. Smith, are you going home?

Smith. Yes. (*Getting down from the counter.*)

[*Exeunt Orlow and Smith.*

Jones. Well deacon, I believe Orlow thinks our minister is perfect. Everything that he does is right. I thought he'd fall in with us about the *notes*, didn't you?

Dea. No; for I knew he did not care whether he used them or not.

Jones. If I had known how he felt, I shouldn't have spoken so, but I supposed he felt as we did. I wish it didn't trouble me so much, but I hate *notes*. I don't believe a

man can be under the influences of the Spirit when he uses *notes*.

Dea. Tut, tut! You are now certainly going too far. His putting down a few thoughts on paper cannot interfere with the Spirit's influence, for as br. Orlow says, he uses only short *notes*. It is very different from writing his sermons, and reading them word for word. I wish, however, he would throw his *notes* entirely aside, and then no one would complain ; but it is of no use to say anything to him on the subject.

Jones. I don't want to say anything to him. But what do you think about raising the salary ?

Dea. I think it well to raise it, if he can't get along with what he now has. Although I don't exactly like it, their not consulting me, I must say I admire their generosity in raising that $73. I expect deacon Addison paid at least half of it, for he is the most liberal and kind hearted man I ever knew. I believe if he had but half a loaf in the world, he would give it away to any one who needed it. He is blunt enough it is true, but it is always blunt kindness, and blunt goodness.

Jones. I should think our minister is paid enough. Here comes br. Smith back again.

Smith. (*Entering.*) I forgot my flour; I want twenty-eight pounds, deacon.

Dea. I must say I should think it would be tough work for him to get along. I can't support my family on anything like his salary.

Jones. Ministers, you know, ought to be more prudent than other folks.

Dea. Ministers must have something to eat and wear, as well as other people—they cannot live on air. I'll trouble you to get off this barrel, as I must unhead it to get br. Smith's flour.

Jones. (*Getting off the barrel, and leaning on the counter.*) Can't live on air! well nobody wants 'em to live on air.

Smith. I guess they'd make poor work if they should try it. How mighty secret they've kept it about raising the salary! I never heard a word on't before.

Jones. Well, I can't pay any more. Ministers must come down in their notions, and not be so extravagant.

Smith. Our pastor isn't extravagant, is he?

Jones. Yes; they all are.

Dea. I don't think you do right to say so; I never heard any such accusation against him.

Just tell us one thing in which he is extravagant.

Jones. I can't stop now, (*taking out his watch,*) I must be going towards home.

Dea. That's a good get off. You are in a great hurry all at once. You can't mention one thing in which he is extravagant.

Jones. Perhaps I can't mention anything pertickler, but I mean ministers must come down, and live more like their people.

Dea. Live like their people! I guess our minister would jump at the chance to exchange living with some of his flock.

Jones. I'll talk with you some other time, but I must go now. [*Exit Jones.*

Dea. Shall you vote for or against raising the salary tomorrow evening?

Smith. I shall vote for it, for I am sure I want our pastor to have enough so as not to run in debt. I don't want him to be in debt. I am a poor man, and can't pay much, but I am willing to pay what I can towards it.

Dea. That's good. I shall vote for it. For the credit of the church, I should hate to have it said he couldn't live on his salary.

Br. Jones says he can't pay any more; but he can and ought to, but I suppose he wont, he is so much worked up about the *notes*.

Smith. I don't like *notes*, but I ain't going to let that keep me from doing right.

Dea. Nor I neither. Our pastor is an excellent man, and one of the best preachers anywhere round here; and as long as using *notes* is all the fault we find with him, I think his other good qualities should lead us to overlook that one. I don't know any minister more pious, and more devoted to his work than he is.

Br. Northfield rides up to the door, and sitting in his wagon, calls out to deacon Martin. The deacon and br. Smith go to the door.

Northfield. Got any oil, deacon?

Dea. No sir; sold my last gallon this morning. Expect some this evening.

Smith. Where are you going?

Northfield. Home.

Smith. Take me along?

Northfield. Certainly.

They ride off, and deacon Martin goes back to his desk, to charge br. Smith with the flour.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. POMPOLONI.

"O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of *great* words."

Mr. Pompoloni was a gentleman, as he himself supposed, of rather brilliant parts, although all his acquaintances did not agree with him in this opinion. He was the most consequential member of Rev. Mr. ——'s church, in the large city of ——, and considered himself entirely competent to give a small bit of advice, now and then, to his pastor.

His brethren thought he was proud, but this was a mistake, for actually he had much more of the *appearance* than he had of the spirit of pride. He had a peculiar habit of making a sort of preface, before he came to the main point of his subject; and he invariably used an abundance of

"*Words of learned length and thundering sound*,"

which he often introduced in such a ludicrous connexion that the "risibles" of all but himself would be most sensibly affected. The following conversation, or dialogue, (whichever the reader chooses to call it,) between him and his pastor, will perhaps give a better idea of this gentleman than any farther description of ours.

P. For some time there has been a distressing, irrepressible impression weighing down my mind, that it was my unwelcome duty to have a faithful and sincerely Christian conversation with you. I have often thought that in some respects you were exceedingly injudicious, and were pursuing a course pre-eminently and preponderatingly subversive of your influence among the people. A minister stands in such a peculiar situation before the world, that the most microscopical indiscretion, under disadvantageous circumstances, may sully and tarnish a reputation, which, on account of the delicateness of its structure, should be carefully and conservatively environed and guarded, as a jewel of inestimable worth, indeed, beyond all price. A man who is not a minister of the gospel, may with symmetrical propriety do many things which a minister

cannot do, without deteriorating from his influence to an alarming and calamitous extent. Men in public life should ever remember that the community have an undeniable right to suppose that they will act consummately discreetly, and with unremitting circumspection, in reference to unimportant as well as momentous matters.

The more influential a man is, the more watchful and solicitous should he be to conduct with prudence and wisdom. One, even one unwise step taken by you, might be reproductive of infinitely more devastating results, than ten thousand taken by an humble individual like myself.

Your standing in society imperatively demands the most cautious and discriminating discretion; and allow me to say, Rev. Sir, I sensibly feel that you are habituated to a form of expression before the sharp, Argus eyed world, that determinatively degrades the dignity of your character as a minister of the everlasting gospel; and in the concatenation of events, it is impossible to decipher how superlatively terrific may be the disastrous deductions consequent upon this detrimental habit.

Minister. Will you be so kind as to inform me to what form of expression you refer?

P. I should say, sir, it was a sort of effervescible way of speaking. It apparently results from an irreclaimable hilarity, or an irretrievable irresistibleness of cheerfulness.

M. I do not know that I get your idea. Do you mean that I talk foolishly, or what do you——

P. Oh no! by no means, sir, by no means; do not so grievously misapprehend me as to infer that I would intimate that there is the least stultiloquence in your conversation.

M. What then do you mean?

P. I mean sir—I mean that your irrefragable and uncontrollable flow of spirits leads you to make remarks irrelievably irreconcilable with your sacred functions as a minister.

M. I really do not comprehend you, unless you mean to convey the idea that my flow of spirits leads me to make light and frothy remarks.

P. My dear sir, I beg you not to use such language, and so unjustifiably and inappropriately misconstrue my meaning.

M. As then I cannot get your idea from

your language, you must illustrate it by some of the remarks to which you refer. Tell me some of the things I have said, of the character you mean.

P. My dear sir, excuse me. It would not accord with that reverential deference I owe you, nor with your unbending dignity as a minister, for us to descend to the minutiæ of particulars. I only wished to speak of this matter in general. It is perfectly proper to mention it in the abstract, but it would be irredeemably unpardonable to come down to the concrete.

M. Well then, I do not see but that I must plod on my way without the benefit of improvement from your idea, unless you will mention some particulars, for truly I cannot comprehend it from your general remarks.

P. You will excuse me sir, I am sensible, when in addition to what I have stated, I observe that I have an unconquerable and monomaniac aversion to particulars. Your perceptive faculties will luminously penetrate my idea, upon transcendentally tranquilized reflection; and your supereminent ingenuousness of character will detruncate any suspicion of inter-

meddling impertinence on my part; and your imperturbable piety will be distinguished by refreshing and invigorating reflorescence. We will change the subject, sir, if you please.

M. Certainly. Have you seen br. N—— to-day?

P. I have not, sir; but I enjoyed the supreme gratification of hearing his superexcellent lecture last evening.

M. He is a man of sterling ability. How were you pleased with his sermon to our people last Sabbath morn?

P. No language can express the indefinable and rapturously extatic admiration with which I listened to it. How emphatically splendid was his introduction! What consecutive reasoning in his argument, without the least periphrastical consarcination! And then the peroration, what charming permeably delightful consentaneousness of thought! I never heard anything so ineffably and entrancingly enchanting. I really did not know whether I was in the body or out of it.

M. I was pleased with his discourse, but I think I have heard him preach still better. It was by no means one of his strongest efforts.

P. You inexpressibly, astonishingly surprise me. I am bewildered with amazement at what you say; for it is surpassingly beyond the ramifications of my intellection, to embody a conception of anything superior. It was so indescribably bewitching, and so unutterably, captivatingly fascinating, with such perspicuousness of perscrutation, without the slightest adumbration, that to me it was the quintessence of exhilaration to listen to him.

M. You know our regular church meeting occurs this evening; shall you be with us?

P. Such is my presentaneous calculation. I shall be there unless unavoidably prevented by obstructing circumstances.

M. I hope no such circumstances will arise, then, for I am anxious to have as many members present this evening as possible, as Mr. G——'s case will again come up.

P. An inextricable perplexedness perpetuates that disagreeable case. An unproportionable quantity of time has been irremissibly expended upon it, which has been prodigiously productive of nought but beclouding obfuscations.

M. I think we shall disentangle it some-

what this evening. Oh! did you say when you were here last that you have the autograph of Mr. Schriewinski?

P. I did sir; and I retain with undecaying preservation, that autographical reminiscence of his personal identity.

On the evening of the day in which this conversation took place, the following entry was made in Rev. Mr. ——'s journal. "Had another call from Mr. P——. He has some idea about my manner of speaking which I do not exactly understand. He strung big sounding words together, as usual; if anything, rather more so than when he came to lecture me about my course on temperance. He is certainly an odd genius. I hope he will not come again soon, for he invariably makes my head ache."

CHAPTER IX.

REV. YATES YERRINGTON.

Sometimes ministers have left their churches when they appeared to be doing well, and when no very clearly defined reason could be given for dissolving a connexion which *seemed* to be so happy and desirable. In such cases the community wonder *why* the minister has resigned his charge.

"Did you know," says one, "Mr. —— has left? I am astonished. I thought everything was pleasant and harmonious among *his* people." Says another, "What does it mean, Mr. —— leaving? I am sure I never heard any fault found with him." Says another, "Who would have thought it, Mr. —— leaving—he has been here so long, and his people were so attached to him."

Such was the sort of wondering talk when the Rev. Mr. Yerrington resigned the pastoral care of the church in the delightful town

of ——, in New Jersey. He had been the highly esteemed pastor of that church for many years. He was their first minister, and they were his first people. He commenced his labors among them when *he* was a young man, and when *they* were a little and a feeble band; and he had cheerfully borne his share in all the difficulties and trials of their incipient stage of existence. He had labored hard, and earnestly, and prayerfully, in the cause of his Redeemer among them, and had ever felt that no effort was too great, no burden too heavy, and no self-denial too severe, if he could be the means of benefitting the souls of his people.

Under his faithful ministrations the church and society gradually and steadily increased, till the "little one became," not indeed "a thousand," but rather more than a third of a thousand; and the usual Sabbath congregation amounted to 5 or 600 individuals.

For some little time previous to Mr. Yerrington's leaving, a few of the leading brethren had felt a sort of indistinct dissatisfaction with their pastor. We say indistinct, because they could not exactly tell why they were dissatisfied with him, only somehow or other he did

not seem to be *just the man* they thought was needed in ——. This dissatisfaction, however, they studiously concealed from him.

We will give a little account of a church meeting that took place about this time, and that, perhaps, will give to the reader the views and feelings of these brethren in a clearer light than anything we can say.

In that meeting one brother said, "I think Mr. Yerrington is a very good pastor and a good preacher; but I do not profit lately from his preaching as much as I used to, and I have thought that perhaps a *change of ministers* might be well."

Another one said, "I always liked our minister very much, but I do not think he is as spiritual a man as our church *now* needs." Another, who never paid over five dollars a year towards the support of his pastor, on account of his penuriousness, though he was much better off in worldly things than some others in the church who paid five times five dollars, said, "I have never been satisfied with our minister's receiving so much salary. I think $500 is as much as *we* can pay; and I think some other minister who would live on less salary would do *better* for us."

Another said, "I should like it if Mr. Yerrington would preach more gospel, and not so many practical sermons. I am tired of hearing so much about *our* duty. I do not think he is as well adapted to our people *now* as he used to be."

Another said, "I believe our pastor is a good man, and wants to do good; but he does not seem to have the gift *now* of drawing in the people as he *once* did. The congregation don't increase as *fast* as it did. I think that a *change* of ministers might prove useful."

Another said, "I have not anything against Mr. Yerrington. I like him much as a man and a minister. For my own part I should be satisfied to have him remain, but I think the *novelty* of having a new minister would draw in more people."

Another said, "Our pastor has been with us many years, and has done much good; but I don't think he will be as useful to us as he has been, if he stays any longer. I don't think he is exactly *the man for us now*."

Here he was interrupted by a brother who could keep silence no longer, (and who did think his pastor was *the man for them now*,)

who inquired as follows: "*Why* is he not THE MAN FOR US NOW? Have you heard anything against him? Has he been guilty of any impropriety? Is there any accusation touching his character? or what is the matter that he is not THE MAN FOR US NOW as much as ever he was?"

"Oh no, no," answered the interrupted brother, "not a word has been said against him. His character stands perfectly fair and unblemished. He is a good man, an excellent man; and I have no fault to find with him at all; but I do not think it advisable for him to remain here any longer. It is sometimes best for ministers and churches to have a *change;* and as our pastor has been with us so many years, I think it will be for his good and ours too, to have a *change.*" These seven brethren were all who felt the slightest dissatisfaction with Mr. Yerrington. (No other member of the church was in the least discontented, unless we speak of the wives of these brethren. Six of them had wives, the other was a widower. Of these six wives, five sided with their husbands; the other, the wife of the penurious man, was a firm friend of the minister.

She thought he was the best man in the world, and had none too much salary.) We need not detail what was said by others at that meeting. Suffice it then to remark, that they were astonished and grieved at what these seven had said, and were very decided in expressing their interest and affection for their pastor, and their opinion that he was still *the man for them*, and their desire that he should remain with them till God should call him to enter upon the scenes of another world.

Mr. Yerrington, hearing from this meeting that very night by some of his friends, who could not sleep over it till they had told him, sent word to those seven brethren the next morning, that he would be pleased to meet them in his study that afternoon. They came, and spent an hour with him in talking over the matter; and after hearing what they had to say, and getting an insight into the character and kind of their dissatisfaction, he told them that all he had to say was, that they ought to have told him of their trouble before; and that they need not give themselves any further anxiety about the matter, as he would very speedily relieve them from their burden.

Mr. Yerrington being a very independent kind of a man, and taking but little time to make up his mind, and being very decided and immoveable when it was made up, and being very prompt to act on his decisions, and feeling that he never desired to labor with a people where even a small minority of them felt at all dissatisfied with him, resigned his pastoral charge on the following Sabbath.

We will not dwell upon the scenes that ensued—the wonder, astonishment, grief and indignation that were felt, and the "bitter things" that were said in —— for several weeks—the efforts which were made to induce Mr. Yerrington to take back his resignation—the trouble these seven brethren had with certain other brethren, and their qualms of conscience.

We will draw a veil of two years over the whole of it, and say the church in —— have settled the Rev. Rodolphus Ruddleford, who is a good man, and loves to labor in his Master's vineyard; and the Lord of the vineyard is blessing his labors.

Mr. Yerrington is the pastor of the large church in the great flourishing inland town

of ——, in Pennsylvania. He is very pleasantly located, is very happy with his people, and is doing much good. His people love him much, and esteem him very highly as a preacher. They think he is JUST THE MAN FOR THEM, and that it will be a long time before they will desire a CHANGE OF MINISTERS.

CHAPTER X.

COLONEL RICHARD FORRESTER.

"The man that's resolute and just,
Firm to his principles and trust,
Nor hopes, nor fears can bind."

Colonel Forrester was a very decided man, and a very decided Christian. When *he* made a profession of religion, he understood *what* he was doing. He had counted the cost, and had resolutely made up his mind to consecrate soul and body to his Lord and Redeemer. As previous to his conversion he had been a very diligent and faithful servant of the devil, so after it he determined, grace assisting him, to be equally diligent and faithful in the service of his God.

Colonel Forrester did not act from the mere impulse of feeling, but conscientiously adopted his line of duty, and then scrupulously acted up to it, whether he *felt* like it or not. Under whatever circumstances he might be

placed, whether at home or abroad, he deemed it his duty and privilege to act upon *Christian principle.*

In his domestic relations, he endeavored at all times to set such an example before his family as would lead them to believe that his religion was something more than a profession. He governed his household well, having his children in obedience, as all Christians should; and manifested not only for them, but for all who might reside under his roof, a kind and tender Christian interest. All the members of his family respected him as a servant of Christ, because his light was constantly shining in his own house. They *did not* regard his religion as a sort of outside garment, which he put on when going out of his house, and invariably took off on his return.

As soon as his heart was given to God, the family altar was erected in his house; and neither worldly company, nor the hurry of business, nor anything else, would prevent his offering upon that altar the morning and evening sacrifice. Neither would he allow anything to interrupt his private devotions, nor abridge that time which he had set apart for daily communion with God.

He made it a point always to converse with his impenitent friends upon the subject of religion, whenever suitable opportunities occurred; and he was one of those who found *many* of these suitable opportunities.

In the conference meeting he never declined taking a part, for he considered it the duty of *every Christian* to speak and pray in such meetings.

In his business transactions he never succumbed to anything underhanded and small to gain the advantage, but conducted them all with the most rigid regard to integrity; declaring "that he would give up business if he could not do it on *Christian principle.*"* He said "he believed the reason why so many Christian merchants failed was, because they conducted their business too much like the men of the world. The Missionary, Education, Bible, Seamens', Temperance, Anti-slavery, Moral Reform, and every other good

* Some professed Christians say "that it is impossible to do business on Christian principles—that they must succumb to the tricks of the trade or fail." This is not true, as many eminent Christian merchants besides Colonel Forrester can testify.

cause, found in him a firm and uncompromising friend. Though a man of high standing and much repute in the community, he was not ashamed to have it known that he was a TEACHER in the *Sabbath school*; nor did he consider it beneath his dignity to *distribute tracts* with his own hand. He was not a stranger to the "fatherless and widow," nor to those "that were ready to perish;" but their "blessing came upon him," as he "withheld not his bread" from them, and "warmed them with the fleece of his sheep."

He felt that it was his duty and privilege strictly to observe the fourth commandment, and therefore would never ride out, nor eat sumptuous dinners,* nor visit, nor read a political newspaper, nor write letters, nor talk about worldly matters on the Sabbath. He believed that it was the Christian's duty to be decided for his Master abroad as well as at home, and therefore would never, like unde-

* The Colonel would not allow cooking in his house on the Sabbath. He said "that he had no right to keep his help from the house of God, by compelling them to stay at home to provide great dinners."

cided Christians, when journeying, travel on the Lord's day to *save time*. He occasionally spent a few weeks at Saratoga Springs with his family; but he was not among those Christians who act inconsistently while there, and cause the ministers of that village to regard their coming *as a curse* instead of a blessing. He was as regular at the sanctuary while there, as at home, and attended the weekly prayer meetings, when he would bear his testimony to the honor of his Redeemer.

He was once in Paris, and while there was strongly solicited to attend the theatre and opera. He answered, "It is against my principles."

He was then urged to go, on the ground that being away from home, his example could do no harm, as it could not be felt across the waves of the broad Atlantic. He still refused. He was then told "that many American *Christians*, and some American MINISTERS had visited these places when in Paris," and then was urged to go, on the ground that he need not be more scrupulous than they were. But it was in vain! His resolution was not to be shaken, and he answered, "Such as I am, by

the grace of God, in America, the *same* will I be, by the grace of God, in Paris, and wherever I may go.

Colonel Forrester was a rich man, and was a *liberal* rich man. He believed that every Christian was bound to make his WILL,* and give more or less of his estate to the interests of religion. Bible, Tract, Missionary, and many other good societies were *kindly* remembered in his will; "For," said he, "I want the good cause of my Redeemer to have some of my wealth at my decease. For aught I know, my children may turn out worthless spendthrifts, (which God forbid) and if so, I had better make part of my money safe by putting it into the '*Lord's bank.*'" However, while he provided liberally for the "good cause of his Redeemer" after his death, he

* Many Christians do not agree with Colonel F. in this respect. They are drawing near to the grave, having made no will. They know their heirs are of such a character, that when they die, not a cent of their property, which the Lord has LENT them, will be appropriated to subserve the interests of Christ's kingdom on earth. Is it right? Christian, consider!

did not forget it while living—but kept an open purse.

Colonel Forrester felt the most lively interest in the ministers of the gospel, and no man more heartily despised anything like an attempt to disparage them, than he did; and he was ever ready fearlessly to defend them, either against the avowed enemies of religion, or against those professed Christians who have so little sense, or so little piety, as to indulge in the despicable business of foolish tattling against ministers. No man could discern more clearly than he could, between those who might be lamenting the mistakes and errors that ministers sometimes fall into, and those who were captiously ridiculing and making sport of them; and while he would sympathize with the former, he would most severely chastise the latter.

For his own minister he not only cherished the highest regard, but felt the truest sympathy. Every pastor can bear witness to the truth of the following remark; that some Christians can enter into their feelings, and sympathise with them much more than others who may be equally pious. Colonel F. was one of the

former class. He seemed to enter into the very heart of his pastor, and sympathize with him in his joys and sorrows, in his hopes and fears, and in his difficulties and trials. It followed as a matter of course, that his pastor became very much attached to him, and in all his perplexities and troubles advised with him.

Once when party politics were running very high, some members of the church were much exasperated with their minister for *voting*, and talked very bitterly against him, so much so that the good man began to doubt whether it was best for him ever to vote again. Not being able, quite, to make up his mind alone, he consulted, as usual, the Colonel. "You are a man," said the Colonel, "and have rights as a man. You are a citizen, and have rights as a citizen. You are a minister, and have rights as a minister. Use all these rights, but abuse none of them, remembering that you are accountable to God and not to man." His pastor knew all this before: he knew that he had these rights, and it was not the words themselves, but the manner in which they were spoken that decided his course. Henceforth he *voted* whenever as a citizen he thought he

ought to *vote;* and disregarded the remarks weak-minded men might make about it.

If our limits would allow, we might mention many more facts which would show the confidence the minister reposed in Colonel F., and which would also show, more conclusively than the one we have related, the sympathy and interest the Colonel felt for his pastor; but we have mentioned this for a special reason, which, however, we think the reader had better not know.

We will close this chapter by relating an incident which will alike exhibit the fearless decision of Colonel F., and his views of gospel ministers, and his feelings towards them. One dark, stormy night, in the city of ——, intending to go to the —— church, he missed his way, and entered a certain tabernacle, where a meeting was held in which any man was free to express his opinions, and in which all *sorts* of opinions were freely expressed. But the two most prominent themes of the evening were, the editors of religious newspapers, and ministers; the latter being harped upon the most. The editors were showed up "as a mean, witless, time-serving set of men,

who did not know enough to last them over night, and were unworthily earning their salt by sponging the community with editorials that sprung from the brains of others." The "wolves in sheep's clothing," as the ministers were called, were ridiculed and abused in a manner which showed *them* up as anything rather than good men. The harshest names that man had ever devised, were none too harsh for the "canting, hypocritical, licentious, avaricious, money-making parsons," as the ministers were repeatedly denominated.

The Colonel never having attended *such* a meeting before, was shocked beyond measure. He thought he must have fallen into a den of infidels; and he was not very far from the truth, although some of the revilers professed to be Christians—COME OUTERS—and others were known to be anything but Christians.

Whatever they were, he determined they should know what *he* thought. He felt that he could not sit still, and that it was his duty to open his mouth on the behalf of the reviled. Accordingly, as soon as one sallow, pimple-faced reviler, with red, shaggy hair, sat down, he arose, and spoke as follows:

* "I know not where I am. I know not who any of you are, what you are, nor what you profess to be; but *one* thing I *do* know, and that is, that many remarks have been made here to-night, about religious editors and ministers, that are false and cruel. I believe that none but the most malicious and wicked of all God's creation could have fabricated such wretched and detestable lies as have come athwart my ears this evening."

Here some clamor was made, but it was soon hushed, and the moderator, or sort of minister, or whatever he was,—the man who sat behind the desk, told him "he could go on, as there was liberty of speech there, and they would hear what he had to say." He then proceeded. "I do not know why you should feel such a malignant and bitter hatred against religious editors, unless it is because they *blow up*, SKY HIGH, such detestable, practical *disorganizers* as you have demonstra-

* Should the reader think the Colonel uses too strong language in his speech, he must bear in mind that his feelings were enlisted, and that he spoke on the spur of the occasion. Of course he had no time to prepare what is called a "set speech."

ted yourselves to be by your speeches this evening—speeches of much more venom than sense.

"And as to ministers, notwithstanding the wholesale falsehoods which have been told here about them, there is no class of men in the community whose lives are so blameless, and who are so pure in their conduct as they are. I mean evangelical ministers; for as to Unitarian and Universalist ministers, I have nothing to say, considering their sentiments as nothing more nor less than refined systems of infidelity. I speak then of evangelical ministers, and say, that as a general thing, they are wholly engaged in their work, trying to benefit the immortal souls of men. Many of them are constantly required to make the severest sacrifices for the gospel. They possess talents and energies which in any other profession or business of life, would insure them success, and much more than a comfortable maintenance; in many cases, independence. And yet these talents and energies are consecrated to the good of a people from whom they receive, perhaps, but a scanty pittance, and in too many cases, scarcely enough to keep the soul inside the body.

"These devoted men are set up as marks for all to shoot at; and they are shot at without mercy, as they have been here this evening. Why, I should think the very fiends of the bottomless pit would blush to hear such vile calumnies, and such gross outrageous lies as have been uttered here this evening by——I was going to say men; but no, I will not slander men enough to call them so—by some sort of indescribably wicked monsters in the shape of men. The trials of a minister's life are wholly known to none but ministers. Other men cannot form an adequate conception of the thousand vexing troubles that are continually occurring to worry and perplex the minister's mind.

"He must patiently bear all that is put upon him—must never complain, however heavy his burden may be. He must willingly lend his ear to every foolish complaint, must sympathize with all, must put up with every morbid conscience, must bear with every misguided zeal, and must endure the impertinence of the ignorant and insolent. The most ridiculous stories may be circulated about his character and ministry, which are seized upon with avid-

ity, and repeated with diligent haste and many aggravations; and men, with grave faces, ask if they are true.

"The young, the middle aged and the old, all feel at liberty to canvass his course of action, and sit in judgment upon his preaching, his life, his motives. If he does not bear the censure of a young, ignorant, conceited member of his church with all the meekness of Moses, the report goes like wildfire that he shows a bad spirit, and is unwilling to take advice.

"The minister, too, has many struggles of heart, and inward trials, about his church and congregation. He feels a feverish solicitude and anxiety for his hearers. Little do they know of his prayers and deep distress of soul on their behalf. These, with innumerable other things, make the minister's lot a hard one. It is not a bed of down! There are many thorns in it! His life is none of the easiest!!

"And now where are the men who have so much to contend with, and yet so meekly bear their burden? And where is the class of men who in purity of life can compare with

evangelical ministers? I call upon their revilers here present, for an answer. I call upon these calumniators to look at themselves; to look at their neighbors; to look at the community; and answer me this question. And to that villifying being sitting there (*pointing to the pimple-faced, red, shaggy haired man*) who last reviled, I would say, with all your malice and venom against the servants of God, I challenge you, I *defy* you to show me the class of men whose lives can compare with theirs. May the Lord have mercy upon your poor, wretched soul, for your own wicked tongue has betrayed you, that you are in the 'gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity.'"

CHAPTER XI.

TEMPERANCE INTERVIEW,

Between a pastor, who prided himself upon being very analytical in all his sermons, and who was out of all patience with any one who did not keep to the point in reasoning, and who withal was somewhat nervous; and a good brother in his church, who was not very remarkable for the conclusiveness of his reasoning.

Brother. I called to talk with you about that are temperance sermon you preached last evening.

Pastor. What have you to say about it?

B. I did'nt like it much. I think you was too hard on us. I don't know no members of our church, that uphold rum-drinking in the way you said, and as for me, I'm sure I've been on the temperance side for years.

P. In what way? What do you refer to?

B. Why, you said Christians upheld rum-drinking, when they did'nt take no stand agin it.

P. Well, what then? Is not that true? If you say nothing against an evil, is not that countenancing it?

B. But I do say a great deal agin it.

P. That is not the point! I said nothing about you in my sermon. The question is, do all Christians take a stand in favor of temperance?

B. Our church does as far as I know, and I guess I know as much about 'em as anybody.

P. What has our church to do with it? I did not say a word about our church.

B. I know you did'nt call the church out by name, but we all knew you meant us, and we thought it was goin a great ways too far to hold us up, as bein agin the temperance cause.

P. It is strange you knew I meant the church, when I did not know it myself. I had nothing to say about the church in any manner. What in the world had our church to do with any temperance sermon?

B. I thought you meant us, and others thought so too, and was very much hurt.

P. That is stranger yet—hurt! I cannot conceive what they were hurt about. Did you feel hurt too?

B. Sartinly I did, or I shouldn't come here to talk with you about it.

P. But why were your feelings hurt? What about?

B. Why, as I jest said, because you was so hard on us.

P. I do not see as there is any use in talking about the matter. I tell you I did not refer to the church at all.

B. Well, the church think you meant 'em.

P. I do not see how any persons could have thought I meant them, unless their own consciences convicted them. They must feel guilty, or they would not have thought so.

B. Guilty—guilty of what?

P. Guilty of not taking a stand in favor of temperance; and if any of them are guilty, I did mean them.

B. But you jest said you didn't mean the church.

P. So I say now. I did not mean the church as a church. I was preaching about Christians working in the temperance cause; and said, that I believe that those Christians who did not take a stand in favor of temperance, uphold rum-drinking. And I say it

now, and intend on all proper occasions to say it, and if there are any members of our church who are not willing to come up and do their duty in this cause, I did mean them among others. The fact that some of them feel hurt as you say, leads me strongly to suspect that they are conscious of not discharging their duty, and therefore, as is very apt to be the case, when a man is convicted by his own conscience, supposed I meant them.

B. I was one that was hurt; do you think my conscience made me feel kind-er guilty?

P. I presume it did, for I have never known you to manifest any particular interest in the temperance reformation.

B. I do feel interested about it, but I don't make such a pint on't as some folks do.

P. Do not make a point of it!—How *do* you show your interest? Have you joined the society?

B. No, I never jined.

P. Why not?

B. Because I an't goin to sign away my liberty for any man.

P. I am sorry to hear you sing that hackneyed song about signing away liberty. Do you use intoxicating liquors?

B. No—I haven't drunk a drop of speret for six years. I am a real temperance man, but I don't want no pledges.

P. Why not ? Why are you unwilling to join the society if you use no spirits ?

B. Because I want folks to know that I can be a sober man without takin no pledge.

P. There is no use then in talking with you. If you consider a mere childish notion of not wanting to pledge yourself, sufficient to counterbalance the fact, that you are standing in the way of others who ought to sign at once, and also as an offset to throwing your influence in favor of intemperance, you are so unreasonable, that time spent in talking with you is thrown away.

B. You're too hard on me ; I don't throw my influence in favor of intemperance.

P. If you don't positively, you do negatively.

B. I don't know what you mean by that.

P. Why, if you do not work against intemperance, you are countenancing it.

B. I don't see it so.

P. Don't see it so !—It is time then you did. It is just such men as you are, who are

standing more in the way of the temperance cause than any thing else at the present time. Professed Christians refusing to sign the pledge! And who is it that thanks you for it? Not good men, but the rum-seller, and the drunkard! Yes, you are the song of the drunkard, and the devil rejoices in the stand you take. No doubt some miserable ragged sot is quoting you at the present time, and refusing to join the society, because you refuse. You know not how many you may save from a drunkard's grave by signing the pledge at once.

B. I never thought on't so before.

P. It is high time for you now then, to begin to view it so—Your conscience testifies this moment, that you have not done your duty—You would not have come here this morning, or have felt hurt by the discourse last evening, if you had felt satisfied with your course. Now candidly tell me, am I not correct?

B. Why sometimes I've had doubts, and thought perhaps I ought to jine the society for the sake of others.

P. I felt sure such was the fact. Now

then, as it can do no harm to any one, join the society, and let the world know you are a true teetotaller. Throw away all that nonsense about pledging and signing away liberty, and do your whole duty as a man, and a Christian. Now will you not do it? Remember, by so doing, you will, at least, remove one stumbling block out of the drunkard's way. You will do it—will you not?

B. I don't want to say sartin, but I'll think on't.

We can give the reader no further information about this interview; for seeing the minister was considerably *nervous*, and out of patience with this poor brother, we came away when the conversation had progressed thus far.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CONTRAST.—UGLY DEACON BRAKE.—GOOD DEACON DRAKE.

Salathiel Brake was one of the deacons of a church in Connecticut. He was a tall, gaunt man, and had a long, meagre, shallow face, with a very sharp nose. He was *not* a man of very kind spirit, and always appeared as if something had happened to make him particularly crabbed and morose.

He was *never* very courteous in his behavior, and consequently was *not* regarded as a dignified and affable gentleman. His neighbors did *not* look upon him with much respect, because they believed he was trickey and underhanded in his business transactions. He was considered as *no* ornament, either to his profession as a Christian, or to his office as a deacon, on account of the inconsistencies in his walk and conversation. His heart was a *stranger* to true benevolence ; and as to charity, he gave *not* a cent, unless it could be bla-

zoned with a trumpet's tongue. He was quite *rich* in the things of this world, but so *poor* in faith, that the egg of an animalcule might have held it all, and yet had room to spare.

In the church, he was *positive* and *dictatorial*, and was always *unwilling* to yield in the least, to the opinions and wishes of his brethren. He was an exceedingly *troublesome* man to his pastors, and made more difficulty for them than all the rest of the church put together; and was actually the means of driving several of them away. He *appeared* to take delight in perplexing and worrying his minister. He *never* seemed at rest in the church, unless he had something on the docket, which caused exciting discussions; and as he was as fickle as the wind, he presented the sort of living paradox, of violently supporting both sides of a question, that is, at different times. For instance, one time he was a flaming *abolitionist*, and nothing would do, but to open the meeting-house to all sorts of anti-slavery lecturers, and yet, in less than a year, his views and feelings had so changed, that he effectually vetoed the opening of the house to one of the best lecturers in the land.

In a similar manner he wheeled about in reference to the *temperance* question, and several other topics of interest, that came before the church.

No one could tell, when any subject was brought before the church, on which side deacon Brake would be found, from knowing the side he had formerly espoused; but all knew, that let the subject be what it would, he would talk *loud*, *long*, and *fiercely* about it. It was always a *relief* to the brethren, if he was out of town, or if any thing happened to detain him at home on church meeting evening. If he was *ill*, they were not glad of his sickness, but they were glad if the church meeting occurred while he was sick, for his *unkindness*, and *harshness*, and *poor counsels* were *never* desirable at the meeting.*

But we take pleasure in turning from him, to speak of Simon Drake, who was one of

* This deacon ought to have been disciplined, and he would have been, if the church had had the spirit they ought to have had; but the fact was, he had in some unaccountable way gained such a Popish ascendancy over the minds of many, that the church were afraid of him.

the deacons of a church in Vermont. He was a stout, thick man, and had a round, plump, florid face, with a very blunt nose. He *was* a man of very kind spirit, and always appeared as if something had happened to make him particularly pleasant and cheerful. He *was* always very courteous in his behavior, and was consequently regarded as a dignified and affable gentleman. His neighbors *looked* upon him with much respect, as he was known to be honest and honorable in all his business transactions. He was considered as *an* ornament both to his profession as a Christian, and to his office as a deacon, because he was so consistent in his walk and conversation.

His heart was *filled* with benevolence ; and as to charity, he gave *all* he could, but his left hand never knew what his right hand did. He was rather *poor* in the things of this world, but so *rich* in faith that he could almost remove mountains.

In the church, he was *diffident* and *unassuming*, and was always *willing* to yield (save where principle was concerned) to the opinions and wishes of his brethren. He was never known to make any *trouble* for his pastors,

but was invariably ready to assist them, and do all he could for them, when they were in trouble with any one else. He *abominated* that feeling which takes delight in torturing the pastor, and was always cheerfully doing something to strengthen his hands and encourage his heart. He could *not* feel to rest, when there was any thing like angry discussion in the church, and always opposed the introduction of any subject which would provoke such discussion.

As he was not a *fickle* man he never supported but *one side* of a question. He was a plain, straight forward, consistent *abolitionist*, a firm and actice *temperance* man, and he felt interested in every good cause.

Every one could tell, when any subject was brought before the church, on which side deacon Drake would be found, from knowing the side he had formerly espoused ; and all knew, that let the subject be what it might, if he spoke, he would speak *low*, *short*, and *mildly*. The brethren always were *sorry* if he were out of town, or if any thing happened to detain him at home on church meeting evening.

If he were *sick* they always hoped that he

would be *well* before that evening came, because his *kindness*, and *mildness*, and *good counsels* were *always* desirable at that meeting.

We might go on still farther, and in a similar style of writing, show the striking contrast between these two deacons. But we have already written sufficient to give a hint of the character of each, and that is all that is necessary. The reader can easily imagine, how each of these men would act in the different relations of life, and if he is a minister, he can quickly decide which of the two he would choose for a deacon of his own church.

CHAPTER XIII.

REV. JAMES JENKINSON JENKINS.

"Himself he view'd with undisguised *respect*,
And never pardoned freedom or neglect."

It was in 18— that the Rev. J. Jenkinson Jenkins, (as he wrote his name) resigned the pastoral care of the large church in the city of ——, somewhere between Maine and Georgia. The reason why he resigned was a very good one. It was this—the people were much dissatisfied with him. The reason why the people were much dissatisfied with him, may, perhaps, be gathered from what is contained in this chapter.

Mr. Jenkins was a man of acknowledged talent. He could write as good a sermon as most any other minister, and his discourses invariably afforded the evidence of much thinking and study. They gave ample proof that he possessed a clear and discriminating intellect; and they were couched in language chaste

and strong ; and their reasoning was always consecutive and convincing : if they were lacking in any thing, it was in the imaginative. Perhaps the brilliant "coruscations" of a fertile imagination, flashing a little here and there in his sermons, might have relieved them of a sort of cold stateliness, which was somewhat apparent in them. This might have improved them, in the estimation of some. However, they were sterling coin, just as they came from *his* mint.

But, notwithstanding his good sermons, Mr. Jenkins did not move along very comfortably as a pastor. He did not seem to have the tact of winning the affections of his people, indeed, he did not desire it, for he often remarked that he would much rather have their *respect* than their love. Once conversing with a young ministering brother about mingling with the people, he said, "it is best always to preserve your dignity among them, for although they may not love you as much, they will *respect* you the more, and that is what ministers should desire ; they should wish and strive to be *respected*."

He had imbibed the erroneous idea that he

could not be *respected*, if he was sociable with his people, and therefore always treated them with considerable formality, and sometimes very cavalierly. "To be really sociable," said he, "as many ministers are, is highly derogatory to the character of a clergyman. It is sinking his dignity exceedingly, and shows that he has no self *respect*, and, of course, then, the people will not respect him. Now I had a thousand times rather my people would fear and *respect* me, than love me to death on account of being sociable and pleasant." He seemed to overlook the fact, that true dignity is always blended with urbanity of speech and manner.

Perhaps he read Shakspeare full as much as was profitable for a minister; and he was very fond of quoting him, and altering some of his passages more or less, to suit his own views. As for instance the passage in King Henry the Fourth,

"The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Mingled his royalty with capering fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative!"

he would alter after the following fashion, and repeat with much zest in the presence of any minister whom, he thought, did not think enough of being *respected*, and was too sociable among the people.

"The skipping parson, ambled through the streets
With shallow jesters, and weak headed wits,
Mingled his ministry with chattering folks;
Had his great name made common with their mirth;
And gave his countenance against his name,
To laugh, and pleasant be, and sociable
With Jemmy, and Tom, and Dick, and Harry."

"There," he would say, "Shakspeare and I together have drawn the character of a sociable minister."

As to visiting, there was considerable complaint among his people, for he did not calculate to do much in that way, be the issue what it might. He said, "he had no patience with those ministers who were all the time gadding about their parishes; for they might know the people could not *respect* them, if they pursued such a course."

He said "he considered it sufficient, if he called upon those of his flock who were sick, or had sickness in their families; and that it

was a work of undignified supererogation to call upon any others ; and that, for his part, he would not do it, but would remain at home studying his sermons, that he might bring 'beaten oil' into the sanctuary on the Sabbath."

Such were the feelings that Mr. Jenkins had, when he entered upon his labors at ——, and such were the feelings that he cherished during the (I will not say, how many) years that he remained there.

Can it reasonably be supposed that the church and congregation should have formed a very strong attachment to their pastor? It soon became evident that such was the fact, and that, whatever other feelings they might have towards him, they did not love him. The more intelligent portion of his hearers did *respect* him as a man of talent, and were pleased and edified with his sermons ; but the other portion neither *respected* him, nor loved him, nor cared for him.

The people in —— were a very kind and affectionate people, and needed a pastor who could warmly reciprocate their feelings. Such pastors they had been accustomed to have,

and they had lived and labored with them in uninterrupted harmony and usefulness. And if Mr. Jenkins had exhibited the spirit which a minister of the gospel ever should exhibit; if he had acted the part of the Christian gentleman, the part of a kind and attentive minister, the part of a meek and devoted pastor; if he had mingled with his flock in cheerful and consistent intercourse; if he had manifested a tender interest in their joys and sorrows; he might have remained with them till the day of his death; he might have been not only *respected*, but sincerely and ardently beloved; he might have exerted a widely extended influence; and doubtless might have been the honored instrument of "turning many sinners to righteousness."

But alas! He was determined to pursue his own misguided course. He would not listen to the prudent counsels of other interested ministers, who were grieved with the folly of his way, and who, in the spirit of their Master, tried to reclaim him; but he gave them to understand, that he regarded their advice as uncalled for, and as rude officiousness.

He would not take heed to the gentle ex-

postulations of his best and most intelligent parishioners, but would answer them with much apparent asperity of feeling, "I know my rights, and I am as competent to judge, what is most advisable for me to do, as any other man. I shall not lower my self *respect* to receive dictation from any one, nor shall I run the risk of losing the RESPECT of others by changing my course. I shall act as I see fit, and if the people are pleased, it is well; if they are not pleased, it is well; I shall not trouble myself to do any thing differently from what I have done."

As might be supposed the people became discontented, and lamented the day they had ever settled him. The dissatisfaction continued to increase, till he was compelled to resign his pastoral charge.

Thus was dissolved a connection, which, but for his waywardness, might have been useful and lasting; and might have been all that *could be desired.*

CHAPTER XIV.

CHEATING BY CHURCHES, AS CHURCHES.

Samuel Greiting was a plain, straightforward sort of a man, by trade a shoemaker. He was a man of good common sense, and was a praying, devoted Christian. He acted on principle in his family, and out of it; on the week days, as well as on the Sabbath; in the world, as well as in the church. He conducted his business on principle, and was scrupulously honest in all his dealings; and no man could convince him that there was any good reason why all Christians, and in fact churches also, should not act on principle.

One day as he was in his shop (which was located not in Philadelphia, but somewhere within a thousand miles of that city of "brotherly love,") with his Bible open before him, for he was accustomed, as he sat upon his bench, hammering the leather upon the lap-stone, or driving the pegs into the shoes, to have his

Bible on a little stool, opened, that he might read a verse, and then think of it as he worked; we say, one day as he was thus engaged, raising his head, he saw Dr. Barclay passing by his window. He immediately dropped his work, ran to the door, and cried out, doctor, "why is cheating in a church any less sinful than in individuals?" Dr. Barclay being thus suddenly accosted, turned round, walked back, and entered the shop, saying as he was entering, "what do you mean, brother Greiting? What are you at now?"

Greiting. Why this morning I read this passage in the ninth chapter, 14th verse of 1 Corinthians, (reading it loud) "Even so hath the Lord ordained, that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel," and I have been thinking it over since, and it seems to me that many of our churches don't keep it in mind, for how many of them there are which do not support their ministers, and do not even pay them as much as they ought considering their ability, and how many churches too, let their ministers go away unpaid, and then refuse even to pay them. Now where is *principle*, CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLE, when churches conduct in this manner?

Doctor. I suppose some of our churches do not provide for their pastors as well as they can, but I reckon it is not often the case that a minister goes away without being paid all arrearages.

G. Oh, yes it is.

D. Do you know of many such cases?

G. Yes, indeed I do. There was good father B—— who labored for the church in —— sometime, and when he left them, they owed him seventy dollars. He has repeatedly requested them to do something about it, but they refuse. He told them that if they would take up a contribution for him, he would give them a receipt in full, even if it did not amount to ten dollars, but they wouldn't do it. Now if that's not *cheating*, I don't know what *cheating* is. Then there was brother L——, the church in —— owed him more than $300, and they have never paid him one cent of it to this day. There was father D—— too, the church in —— owed him $400 when he left, and they might have paid him the whole of it, before this time, if they had raised only thirty dollars a year towards it—but they have never paid him a

levy* of it. Then the church in —— owes brother R—— $200, and they won't pay him, and brother M—— has never yet been paid by the church in ——. Now all these cases I consider just as much *cheating*, as it would be for me to agree to pay you $500 for a year's labor, and then only pay $250, and refuse to pay the rest. Don't you?

D. Why yes, I suppose it is—but you know it is said that corporations and associations have no souls, and I suppose churches are included, for they are associations of believers, and the societies connected with them, you know, are often incorporated.

G. Well, if they don't have souls they ought to have, and churches especially, should not *cheat*, but act on principle, or else they disgrace religion.

D. That is true, but what can we do about it? I do not see as we can do anything. Do you?

G. Yes, something can be done about it. If other churches and ministers would take the stand they ought to, the evil would soon cease.

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*That is twelve and a half cents.

D. What stand ?

G. Suppose a church, as a body, should uphold the drinking of ardent spirits, it would be considered such a grievous sin that other churches would not fellowship them, and good ministers would not preach for them ; so they would be compelled to renounce this iniquity. In the same way they should conduct towards a church that refuses to pay its honest debts. Now take these churches I have mentioned. If other churches and ministers refused to fellowship them, or have any thing to do with them, till they paid their minister, they would soon clear off their debts. But as long as they are fellowshipped just as if they had never *cheated* their ministers, so long will they continue their iniquity.

D. I know that is the true course, and if churches and ministers would act on principle, they would follow that course. But they will not, so I do not see as the evil can be cured.

G. It makes me heart sick, when I think how little real principle there is among Christians. Now if I was a minister, I would no more assist in ordaining a man over a church which had *cheated* their last pastor, than I

would over a church which had voted that intoxication was no evil. But yet, ministers will take part in ordination services, when they know the church has *cheated* their pastors, and not say a syllable about the sin of it. If I should be sent as a delegate to such a church, when they were going to ordain a minister, I would refuse to act, and tell them plainly my reason was, because they had not paid their honest debts.

D. Dear me! It would make a stir if you should.

G. Well, it is time there should be a stir. The people of God have slept over this evil long enough. It is time for the churches to act on principle, and neither *cheat*, nor countenance *cheating*, any longer. Sins in churches should not be connived at by other churches.

D. That is true, and I wish all Christians were of the same opinion.

G. And did you ever think, doctor, how mean it is, thus to cheat ministers? If a church owed a worldly man an $100, it would be paid, because they would be afraid of being sued. But if they owe a minister, they say,

he'll not take advantage of the law, and so they will meanly rest contented to owe him forever.

I don't approve of Christians going to law, or else I should hope that some minister who has been *cheated*, would prosecute the *cheating* church, that Christians who will not do right from principle, might be compelled by the law to do so.

D. Well brother Greiting, what do you think of those churches which in building a meeting-house, so contrive the plan, that if there is any loss, it shall fall on the mechanics who erected it?

G. What do I think! I think it is downright *cheating*, and shows a dreadful lack of principle.

D. What do you think of churches, which allow their agents in getting subscriptions for building a meeting-house, to have on their list the name of some prominent man for a large sum, which, it is understood, he is never to be called upon to pay, merely to induce others to subscribe liberally?

G. Any church that will consent to that, I consider guilty of the vilest hypocrisy, but

don't ask me any more such questions, for I hate to think of such things among the churches of Christ. It grieves me to my very soul, when I think how little real principle there is. I trust the day will come when there will be more of it among God's people.

D. So do I, and I must try myself to act more from principle than I have.

G. And so must I, and may the Lord help me to do it.

The doctor now took his departure, and Samuel Greiting again sat himself down to work, and rap, rap, rap, went his hammer o'er his lap-stone, as he said to himself—"The Lord, not man—the Lord, the great head of the church, has said—has ordained—that those who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel. I am afraid that some of our churches forget,—that the Lord has ordained this. They must think *man* has ordained it, or else they would not half starve their ministers, nor *cheat* them. Oh!—that there was more principle among Christians.

CHAPTER XV.

REV. CHRISTOPHER FICKLE.

"'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange,
That such a man, a man of so much sense
Should be so *fickle minded.*"

Rev. Ferdinand Fickle, the grandfather of Rev. Christopher Fickle, was a man of gigantic stature, gigantic intellect, gigantic resolution, and gigantic strength. He was said to be the strongest man in the northern part of England, and was frequently challenged by the most powerful men of his country to a trial of strength. These challenges, however, he invariably declined, considering it incompatible with his dignity as a minister of the gospel to accept them. One man who had rode a long distance (as the story goes) for the purpose of trying his physical powers with him, after vainly endeavoring to induce him to engage, rudely seized him, being determined to know which was the stronger of the two. Mr.

Fickle very calmly took him up, and threw him over a neighboring fence. The man, being fully satisfied *which* was the stronger of the two, and not the least out of temper, though somewhat bruised, good naturedly said, "Be kind enough to throw my horse over, and I will be going."

Solomon, his son, was like his father in two respects, and unlike him in two. He was of gigantic stature and strength, but of inferior intellect, and of no resolution. He ran away from home when thirteen years of age, and went to sea. At seventeen, being tired of the ocean, he quitted the mariner's life, and commenced learning the trade of a carpenter. Having worked at this trade about thirteen months, he ran away from his master, and enlisted in the dragoon service for three years. At the expiration of two years he deserted, and took passage in a ship for Canada. He was wrecked on a desolate part of Newfoundland, and nearly died of starvation before he found a human habitation. He at last arrived in Canada, and remained there three years, and then returned to England, and opened a store in his native town. Being soon wearied

of the confinement of business, he went to London, and for sometime worked in a brewery, then in a dye-house, and next as a porter at the custom house, and finally he was the coachman of a nobleman—Sir Somebody; (we forget his name). From London he went to Sheffield, where he was engaged in a cutlery house. He next went to a small town near Shrewsbury, where he was a deputy sheriff, or something of the kind. He next went to Manchester, where he was engaged in the factories three years. From Manchester he went to Liverpool, and opened a public house. He, however, did not succeed very well, and in 17— he emigrated to America. On the passage, about equidistant from Old and New England, Christopher was introduced into this world. Mr. Solomon Fickle settled in New York state, but died in less than a year.

Rev. Christopher Fickle was like his grandfather in intellect, like his father in irresolution, like both of them in stature, and like neither of them in physical strength. In this last particular he was inferior to them both. Having a superior intellect, his fickleness of character did not lead him quite such a zigzag course as

his poor father had run; however, it was zig-zag enough.

We will pass over the erratic race of his youthful days, in reference to his sports, his school, his friends and relations. Suffice it to say he was curious and wayward enough to please the most eccentric genius that has ever appeared in the shape of man. We will speak of him only after he had experienced the grace of God, and was settled as a minister. He was engaged to be married to four ladies before he did marry one; and it is said that in less than a week after he married that one, he repented of his choice, because he then saw another lady whom he thought he could have loved still better. His book shelves, tables, chairs and desk, in his study, changed places every morning, because he did not like to see them in the same spot two successive days. Some affirm that the only thing which occasioned any altercation between him and Mrs. Fickle was, his repeated attempts to change the furniture in other parts of the house from place to place. Others deny this, and contend that there were a diversity of matters which produced pleasant little quarrels and amiable jars between them.

Mr. Fickle was ordained over a church in the western part of New York, where he remained a year and a half; and then, thinking that he should like the *Great Valley* better, removed to Indiana. In that state he labored in three places, but finding many hardships and privations to undergo in that then newly settled country, the cost of which he had not duly counted previous to his going thither, he became wearied and restless, and concluded that the Southern country would suit him better.

Accordingly he removed to Alabama, where he was the pastor of two churches, but he did not feel at home with either of them. He could not get along with slavery. He said "notwithstanding all the arguments the slaveholders adduced in behalf of *their* 'divine institution,' he could not make it look right to hold a fellow man in bondage, and sell him as you would sell a brute."

He thought that he might feel contented and happy in the Middle States, and consequently took up the line of march for Pennsylvania, where he settled over a large and prosperous church, and where he remained longer than he ever did in any other place.

When he left that state, he located in New Jersey, where, however, he did not tarry one year. His next move brought him into New England, where he was the pastor of three churches; one in Connecticut, and two in Massachusetts. He did not like the Yankees much, "because," as he said, "they cared more for their dollars than they did for their souls."

From Massachusetts he went into New York state again, and is now settled within thirty-seven miles of the place where he was ordained. He, however, does not feel satisfied, and is thinking about going to Michigan or Ohio. He says it is difficult for him to determine which of these two fields presents the most promising prospect.

Some may say, I cannot understand how such a fickle sort of character can be a man of gigantic intellect. Whether it can be understood or not, such is the fact. Mr. Fickle is a man of splendid powers of mind. He can write as fine a sermon, or as able an article for the North American Review or the Biblical Repository, as any D. D. in the land. Some may say, How can he confine his mind long

enough to one point to prepare anything elaborately? Paradoxical as it may appear, no man can study or think more intensely for six hours in succession, than Mr. Fickle. After going into his study in the morning, and changing his book shelves, and table, and chairs, and desk for the day, he will sit down to his work, and scarcely move till dinner hour, so wrapt up will he be in his sermon, or whatever he may be engaged about. Through the afternoon and evening, however, during which he never pretends to study, he will not have the same mind three minutes together about anything.

As a preacher, Mr. Fickle is very popular. He has a full, clear, sonorous voice, enunciates distinctly, though he speaks with rapidity; is entirely unsophisticated in his manner, every gesture being perfectly easy, graceful and natural; and he delivers the messages of life and peace as if his whole heart and soul were bound up in them.

Notwithstanding Mr. Fickle has moved about so much, he has been very useful as a minister. His preaching has been blessed of God abundantly, and powerful revivals have prevailed in

many of the places where he has labored. Probably there are but few if any ministers in the land, who have baptized more converts; that is, ministers of his age, for he is not the oldest man in the world yet. A half century has not passed over his head.

CHAPTER XVI.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF REV. BARZILLAI BARMLEY.

Jan. 13. Preached this afternoon upon the duty and privilege of family prayer, as I have discovered that several of our brethren neglect it. One man says "he cannot find time to pray in his family, because his business is so urgent." Another one says "he has no gift for prayer;" and another, "that he has neglected it so long, that he is now ashamed to commence it."

Jan. 16. Preached this noon at the poor-house. Many of the poor creatures were very attentive, and some seemed much affected.

Jan. 22. Am very sorry to hear from our superintendent that the teachers' meetings lately have not been well attended. I must attend them myself after this, and see if I cannot get the teachers more interested in them.

Feb. 9. Had a long talk with br. M——,

to induce him to speak and pray in the conference meeting. He says "he can't do it, because he has no gift." He acknowledges that he often in political caucusses speaks an hour; but poor man, he can find no tongue to pray, or to give the word of exhortation in a religious meeting.

March. 4. Attended the funeral of Mr. L. A truly pious man. No doubt he has gone home to glory.

March 12. Preached this evening in school-house. Universalist interrupted the exercises. Two inquirers.

April 3. Had some conversation with br. D. He is much worked up, but I trust a little reflection will cool him.

April 11. Married two couples. Received $3 and $5. These $8 will more than pay for that wood Mr. N. brought me yesterday.

May 8. Br. B. called to lecture me about my long sermons. He seemed unnecessarily excited. After he was gone, I thought over the different complaints my people make. They are many. Have now been here nearly five years, and the following are

those which I now remember, and I mean to put down all I hear hereafter, so that when I leave here, be it sooner or later, I may know the sum total of complaints. I put down the complaints in the words of the complainers.

1. You don't visit enough.
2. You do not study as much as you should.
3. You are confined to your books more than you ought to be.
4. You preach too much about election.
5. You hammer too much on practical duties.
6. You preach too many doctrinal sermons.
7. You appear haughty and proud.
8. You are too reserved for our people, and ought to be more sociable.
9. You are too free and chatty for a minister.
10. You are too particular about your dress.
11. You are sometimes very careless about your dress.
12. Your sermons are too learned.
13. Some of your discourses are more low and vulgar than our people like.
14. You preach more than is profitable to Christians.

15. Too many of your sermons are addressed to the impenitent.

16. You ought not to say so much about baptism.

17. You don't preach enough on baptism.

18. You have too much of hell-fire and brimstone and awful things in your sermons.

19. You preach too often about temperance.

20. You show too little interest in the temperance cause.

21. You hadn't ought to bring slavery into the pulpit.

22. It is wrong for you not to preach more against slavery.

23. Your sermons are too long.

24. You preach too short.

25. You don't take interest enough in the Sabbath school.

26. You do very wrong in voting; a minister has no business to meddle with politics.

27. I am tired of hearing your written sermons.

28. You ought not to preach so much extempore.

29. You have too much action in the pulpit.

30. You holler too much in preaching, for our folks ain't deaf.

31. You speak so faintly that the singers can't always hear you.

32. You seem deficient in interest for missions.

33. You talk too extravagantly for a minister.

34. You love popularity more than a minister should.

35. You hadn't ought to say anything against Millerism.

36. You ought to preach more against Miller's delusion, as it is getting into the church.

37. You are too personal in your sermons.

38. You scold too much in preaching.

These are all that I now think of. Thirty-eight. That is a pretty large number. I wonder if other ministers can count up as many.

May 13. Had a plain, faithful talk with deacon R. for neglecting the prayer meeting.

May 18. Felt more than ever convinced, from a conversation with br. K., that my course in reference to him has been right. His spirit most manifestly proved that he was

in the wrong. Have made his case a special subject of prayer this evening.

June 6. Was sent for in great haste to go and see a young man who thought he was near death. Found that he was a leading character in the club of Universalists in the factory village. Said "he found Universalism would not do to die by," and desired me "to pray that God would have mercy upon him." Poor young man! His burden seemed great.

June 15. Have not had much enjoyment for several days, being perplexed and harassed most to death by the Millerites. Have thought of two more complaints; viz., that I spend too much time in certain families, and am not attentive enough to the deacons. This makes the number forty.

June 16. Attended funeral of Mr. G. Died of delirium tremens. His oldest son will probably go in the same way, very soon.

June 20. Exchanged with br. C. Some of his people much offended at my plainness. Said I had no business to preach so in their pulpit.

June 23. Was riding on the outside of the coach to-day from —— to ——, and as we

passed the theological seminary in ——, the driver said "he had lost more than $100 by the students." He said "they would ride in his coach, and say, 'I'll pay you soon,' and that was the last he would hear of their fare." He seemed to think that it was very ungenerous in them, and I found that it had a tendency to harden his mind against religion. I wish theological students would be more careful about such things.

June 27. Am much tried with a young brother, not twenty-one years of age, who has lately joined the church, and who feels it his duty to call as often as once a week to give me advice.

"The boy so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring."

Learned from him another complaint, viz., that I am too self-willed, and unwilling to take advice. This makes forty-one.

July 1. Father M. called again to urge me to preach on election. He says "if I don't preach about it more, the young members wont understand it, and will become Arminians."

July 8. Met br. T. this morning, in

Squire J.'s office. He said, "I wish you'd explain Daniel's little horn next Sabbath."

July 16. Had a long sitting this afternoon with br. N., who felt it his duty to talk with me "solemnly" as he said, about my extravagant way of speaking.

July 21. In church meeting this evening, some of the Millerites who profess to be sanctified, manifested a spirit and temper which, in any other persons, we should say showed human nature very much unsanctified.

July 28. Dr. Bonesetter called to-day, to request me to preach a sermon upon the duties and privileges of physicians. He says, "he can scarcely ever get to meeting more than half a day, because so many more call upon him on the Sabbath than on any other day." He says "many professors of religion put off calling till the Lord's day, except in cases of severe illness." Being superintendent of the Sabbath school, he says "patients or no patients, he is determined always to be at his post there."

Aug. 7. Was sent for to visit Mr. C., who is very sick. For many years he has been a member of the Unitarian church in the

North Parish. He said "he knew that he should not recover, and that he felt the need of something more spiritual than Unitarianism." Tried to show him the way of life through a crucified Redeemer. Tried to commend him to God in prayer. He would not allow me to leave till I promised to officiate at his funeral.

Aug. 10. Attended funeral of Mr. C. this afternoon. The house was thronged, and most all were Unitarians. Mr. ——, the minister, was not present. It was to me a solemn scene, and a solemn time.

Aug. 19. Was grieved to-day to hear that our Millerite brother T. went to the camp meeting yesterday, instead of attending his own meeting; and what is worse, that he went with his cart filled with cakes and crackers, and sold them at a higher price than he does at home. How can this brother be sincere, and thus break the Sabbath?

Aug. 21. Preached this evening in school-house—a good season.

Aug. 23. Had a talk with br. G. He says the reason why he is so often absent on the Sabbath is "*ill health.*" He acknowl-

edged that he labors harder on Saturday than upon any other day. Poor man! he has periodical fits of sickness—weekly ill turns that always come on the Lord's day. Dr. Bone-setter says, "There is no medicine at the apothecary's shop that will cure this Sunday illness."

Aug. 29. Mr. D. called this afternoon. He feels very badly. Says "he cannot sit in the seats again till some reparation is made." I don't see why it is that there is so much quarrelling among the singers. It is strange that singers don't agree better, for I believe every choir quarrels more or less.

Aug. 30. Called this morning to see br. A., who is quite sick, and very low spirited, because he thinks he has been too covetous, and has not given to the cause of Christ so much as he ought to have done.

Sept. 3. Br. E. told me this evening, "that he feels hurt with the editor of the —— ——, and won't take the paper any longer, because there was an article in it last week that he don't like." I wonder how many subscribers our religious journals would have, if all acted on the same principle with

this wise brother. I believe the poor editors have most as much fault found with them as we poor ministers. I think they had better keep a list of complaints, and now and then publish them for the edification of their readers. Found out another complaint against me, and that is, that I drive too fast when I ride round to visit. This makes forty-two.

Sept. 30. Have heard two more complaints, viz., that I am too great a dictator in church meeting, and that I pray too long. These make forty-four.

Oct. 9. Had a plain talk this morning with br. C., about standing on the meeting-house steps, and talking of the weather, crops, and political news, and tried to convince him that it was not proper on the Lord's day. He said "he could not see any impropriety in it." He is a singular kind of a Christian.

Oct. 16. Feel much discouraged about the Maternal Association. Wife says, "there were only five mothers present this afternoon, and only one of them brought children, and that one brought but two out of her five little ones." It is strange, when we hear so much about "*mother's affection*," that they don't

feel interested to attend these meetings, and take their children with them, when they know their children may derive so much good from them. I should think they might spend one afternoon in a month for their children's good.

Nov. 3. This evening commenced a course of lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress. Intend to go through the book. A large number were present, and appeared interested.

CHAPTER XVII.

LETTER FROM REV. TOBIAS SINCERE TO REV. ASA AGAR, UPON EVANGELISM.

Brookville, June 8, 1843.

Dear Br. Agar:—Your favor of the fifth came to hand last evening; and as I have nothing of very special importance to occupy my time this morning, I have seated myself to answer your inquiries as touching evangelism. "What do you think about evangelism?" is your first inquiry. This, you know, is a pretty extensive question, and I should have liked something a little more definite. I can assure you I *think* a great many things about evangelism, a great many more than I can put down on paper in the compass of anything like a reasonably long letter. However, in a few words, I think favorably of the system. I see nothing in the scriptures which militates against the propriety of setting apart a class of ministers who shall not settle as pastors, but preach whenever and wherever they are wanted.

On the other hand, they appear to me to favor the idea. I have looked at that passage in Ephesians which speaks of apostles, evangelists, pastors, &c., and I have also turned to some of the commentators, to see what they say in reference to it; and I cannot doubt, but that, while some ministers were settled as pastors in those primitive days of christianity, others labored as evangelists, going hither and thither, preaching the gospel wherever Providence might open the door.

Evangelism seems to me to be an useful system, and may be made more useful than it has been. It certainly seems reasonable to suppose that ministers may do much good without being settled as pastors. There are many fields almost destitute of the preaching of the gospel, in which a pious evangelist, by laboring for a season, may hope to accomplish much good for Zion—perhaps lay the foundation of a Christian church. How many places there are where there are Christians enough to form a church, and yet where there is no church. Now pastors, having their own churches to take care of, cannot visit such places, and remain long enough to gather these

scattered sheep together, and by preaching and exhortation lead them to feel the importance of combining their energies, by uniting together in the formation of a church. But the evangelist can do this, and this he should consider as a part of his duty.

Again, evangelists may do good by supplying the pulpits of churches destitute of pastors, till such times as they can procure preachers as candidates; and if circumstances are favorable, can hold meetings for successive days with such churches.

Again, the evangelist may do much good by assisting, for a season, weak and feeble churches. Here is a church unable to support a pastor, and the brethren feel dispirited, and are mourning over their low estate. Now let a faithful, devoted evangelist come among them, and it will be like the "coming of Titus." He will "comfort those that are cast down," and through his labors that church may arise and "put on her beautiful garments." God may so bless his work among them that the church may be greatly increased, and be abundantly able to support a pastor. Such has been the case. Such a result has been accomplished.

And then again, it frequently happens that in a season of revival the pastor cannot preach and labor as much as the necessity of the case demands; and here the evangelist may do good by lending the helping hand, for there cannot be any reasonable objection, under such circumstances, to requesting the aid of the evangelist, that he may labor with the pastor as long as may be deemed advisable. Surely, this is as well as it is for another pastor to leave his own flock, and labor with his brother under such circumstances. This is often done, and no one objects to it. Why then object to the assistance of the minister who has no pastoral charge? Truly, it seems to me preferable to engage the latter, as he can remain longer if desirable, than is often possible for the former.

And once more, the evangelist may do good by holding meetings of days and weeks with churches where he is *requested* so to do. It is often the case that a church is anxious to make some special effort, by engaging in a series of religious meetings. Many of the brethren feel it deeply impressed upon their minds that, considering their situation, such a course

would prove eminently useful. They know it cannot be expected of their own minister to preach day after day, and it is often very difficult to obtain other settled ministers to do it. Then let the man who is confined to no church come in and *work*. Call in the pious, humble evangelist, and let him preach day and night, as long as the religious interest may justify it; and he, and the pastor, and the church, all join together heart and soul, in praying and laboring that sinners may be brought home to God. Is there not reason to believe that a prayer hearing God will listen to their supplications, and abundantly bless their labors to the praise of his great and holy name? Thus I think evangelists may do good by preaching in destitute fields, supplying the pulpits of churches without pastors, comforting and strengthening the feeble churches, assisting pastors in revivals, and by holding protracted meetings with such churches as may request their services. Therefore I am in favor of the system of evangelism. I believe it is and may continue to be a very useful system.

I think, however, it might be well to have something more systematic about this matter.

I have thought that it might be advisable for an association, or conference, or some associated body of churches and ministers, to employ an evangelist to labor within its bounds, going here and there, as his services might be required, he receiving a *fixed compensation*, to be contributed by the churches comprising the said body. In this way the evangelist would be responsible to the body; and the complaints, now so frequent, that he is making too much money, would cease, as his salary would be determined by the churches represented in that body.

You next ask, "What is the reason that so many ministers are opposed to evangelism?" To this inquiry I must answer that, of course, I know not all the reasons, but I will mention those reasons which I have heard expressed by some ministers, and those which any one might evidently infer from the conversation of others, in connection with the spirit and temper they manifested.

1. Some ministers are opposed to the system of evangelism, because they conscientiously think that the ultimate results thereof will prove disastrous to the stability of the

churches. These ministers, however, as a general thing, object to all protracted meetings, and think that the only way for the church to be built up strongly is, to move along without making any special effort. Many very good brethren have imbibed this idea to a greater or less extent.

2. Some are opposed to it because they consider it a new thing, and they have made up their minds to oppose everything NEW in the church. They are dead set against any *kind*, *sort*, or *species* of innovation, and desire that everything in the church may remain just as it was ten, twenty, or thirty years ago. I cannot describe these brethren better than by applying to them individually the words of Crabbe.

"Habit, with him, was all the test of truth.
'It must be right; I've done it from my youth.'
Questions he answered in as brief a way,
'It must be wrong; it was of yesterday.'"

3. Others are opposed to it because they are afraid of too much excitement. They seem to have a sort of monomaniac dread and horror of anything like excitement in religion.

While they never hint that there is the least impropriety in being excited in reference to many of the affairs of this life, they deem it the height of fanaticism to be the least excited for the salvation of precious souls that are in the road to endless ruin.

4. Some are opposed to it because they do not exercise discrimination enough to discern the difference between a system, and certain men who abuse that system. Say they, "Such and such evangelists are vain and puffed up; they are assuming and dictatorial; therefore I will have nothing to do with evangelism." It would be just as reasonable for a man to say, such and such ministers are vain and puffed up; they are assuming and dictatorial; therefore I will have nothing to do with religion. However improperly certain evangelists, or certain settled ministers may have conducted, that argues nothing against evangelism or religion.

5. Others are opposed to it because the individuals converted under the preaching of certain evangelists, did not manifest that humility and modesty so becoming to converts, but appeared pert and forward. Here, too,

a little discernment, one might suppose, would lead any minister to perceive that the fact of some evangelists putting forward the converts too much, proved nothing against evangelism. The mistakes of the preachers should not be set down against the system, any more than the mistakes of pastors should be set down against settling pastors.

6. Some are opposed to it because they are afraid that their church will sometime desire the labors of an evangelist, and if, under his preaching, there should be a revival, they themselves will not have the credit of it. They seem jealous lest any one should do good among their own people but themselves. They act as if they would rather that the sinners in their own congregation should go to hell, than be converted through the instrumentality of any one else.

7. Others are opposed to it because they are afraid that evangelists will make too much money—*get rich* too fast. It seems to fret them amazingly, that a man who preaches twice a day for a month, besides attending other meetings, should receive a few dollars more than they receive for a month's labor as pastor.

8. Some are opposed to it because this distinguished preacher and that learned professor are opposed. They have no mind of their own about evangelism, perhaps scarcely know enough to judge of the merits of the system; but they oppose it with all the strength they do have, because great men oppose it.

Lastly. Others are opposed to it because they are afraid that the churches will imbibe the erroneous idea that they cannot have a revival without an evangelist.

If pastors and evangelists preach the truth, and impress on the minds of the people the fact that all their dependence for a blessing is on the spirit of God, there will be no ground for this fear. If they do not so preach, then the church may fall into this error, in the same way that they would fall into any other error, where the opposing truth was not preached.

Having thus stated what I suppose are the reasons which influence many of our ministering brethren in their opposition to evangelism, and having thrown in a remark or two *gratis* about some of those reasons, I proceed to your third inquiry. "What should an evangelist especially guard against, when he holds

a meeting with a church for days and weeks?" I should say,

1. He should sedulously guard against saying or doing anything which would have the slightest tendency to weaken the hands of the pastor. Such, for instance, as making any sort of reference to him, either publicly or privately, which in any way might be construed as disparaging to him; or listening to any little complaint that some of his people may injudiciously make; or doing anything in the course of the meeting that will look like reflecting on his judgment, and thereby rather lower him in the estimation of his people. The evangelist cannot be too careful in guarding against everything of this kind; and he should use all his influence to strengthen the pastor in the affections of his people, and settle him more firmly in his post.

2. He should diligently guard against the appearance of anything dictatorial, anything like lording it over God's heritage, as if he came among them to command them about, they being the soldiers, and he the captain, rather than as an humble minister of Christ, seeking their good, and the salvation of their families.

3. He should guard as much as possible against the appearance of egotism. I know that it is more difficult for an evangelist to avoid this, than it is for a pastor, on account of the manner in which it is often necessary for the former to preach. Still there is a way of appearing unnecessarily egotistical; this he should watchfully shun.

4. He should particularly guard against preaching as if the work of God depended upon himself. I am fearful that some evangelists have preached in such a manner as to leave the impression quite vividly on the minds of the audience, that they, rather than the Holy Spirit, were converting sinners. The evangelist cannot be too guarded in keeping before the minds of the people the fact that he himself is nothing, and that all his labors will be entirely in vain unless God gives the increase.

Thus I believe the evangelist should especially guard against these four particulars.

To your last inquiry, "Do you think it proper for an evangelist to insist upon baptizing the converts where there is a pastor?" I answer, certainly not. That belongs to the

pastor, and no evangelist has any right even to *request* such a thing. If, however, as has sometimes been the case, there should be so many converts ready for baptism at any one time, that the pastor should request the evangelist to assist him in the ordinance, I see no objections to his complying.

Thus have I answered your queries, as far as I can conveniently in a letter, and have made a pretty long letter of it too. So you really think of giving up your charge, and turning evangelist! Well, I am not much surprized, for I somewhat expected such might be the case, from a conversation I had with your friend, the Rev. William Blithestone, whom I met at Shirland, a few weeks since.

I trust that you are under the influence of the Divine Spirit. I presume you have thought the subject over and over, and have prayed much in reference to it. No doubt you have "counted the cost." You know you will meet with opposition from many Christians and ministers who are now kind and friendly towards you. My prayer is that the Lord would bless you, and make you a blessing to others, whether you remain as the pas-

tor of your church, or enter upon this new field of labor. Be so kind as to drop me a line soon, and let me know what fault you find with any of the sentiments herein contained.

Say to deacon Zellebrag, if you please, that I received the interesting pamphlet he sent me, and am much obliged. My kind regards to Mrs. Agar.

Your true friend and brother in Christ,

TOBIAS SINCERE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HORSE-SHED CONVERSATION.

"A righteous man," says the scripture, "regardeth the life of his beast;" and it is always pleasant, when we ride to the house of God upon a stormy day, to see that righteous men have erected convenient horse-sheds, that the noble beast which has safely drawn us to the very door of the sanctuary, may find a covert from the storm, while we are in the tabernacle, endeavoring to worship God.

These sheds, however, are often used for a purpose widely different from that which was contemplated by their benevolent builders; that is, they are often used on Sabbath noons, between meetings, as a place of resort for certain brethren who love to congregate there, and, in a kind of fault-finding manner, talk over the affairs of the church and minister. These horse-shed caucusses generally consist of from three to five brethren, and, unless the interval is very long, they are usually kept up from the

close of the morning to the commencement of the afternoon service.

It was a pleasant Sabbath noon in August, 1839, when br'n. Philip Greenville, Lysander Burton, and Eliphalet Watson went into a horse-shed back of the old Congregational meeting-house in ——, and engaged in the following interesting and edifying confab. Philip Greenville, addressing himself to Lysander Burton, said,

How did you like the sermon this morning?

Burton. Not very much; I've heard many better ones. What did you think of it?

Greenville. My opinion is pretty much like yours; I think it was poor enough.

Watson. So do I.

G. I wish Mr. Gunn would leave us, for he knows there are some in the church dissatisfied with him. I shouldn't think any man would want to stay with a people unless they were unanimous in wishing him to.

B. I tell you what it is; it isn't such an easy matter to get rid of a minister when you don't like him, as some people imagine.

G. That's a fact, or else we shouldn't be compelled to hear such sermons as we have

heard this morning. I declare it is too bad that we can't have a minister we like. I wish Mr. Gunn would have compassion upon us, and resign.

W. I think we shall have a change before long. We are not the only ones in the church who feel discontented. I heard br. Harrison say yesterday, "he was most tired of our minister."

B. There are not many, though, who feel as we do.

W. There may be more than you think for.

B. I know pretty well what is the state of feeling in the church, for I have talked with many of the brethren about Mr. Gunn, and I find precious few of 'em that sympathize with me.

W. Why not do something about it in some of our church meetings? Why not break the ice, and let the brethren know how we feel? and that will encourage others, who now keep their thoughts to themselves, to speak out plainly.

B. Dear me! Br. Watson, the time hasn't come yet for such a movement as that.

G. Oh no—by no means. If we should do that, we should have the church about our ears amazing quick, I tell you.

W. What then shall we do?

G. Why we must worry along the best way we can, till more feel as we do. If we should say a word about a change of ministers in a church meeting, all the old maids and old women in the parish would be aroused, and if we didn't get our hair pulled, I'm mistaken. They would be mad enough to tar and feather us, for they think there never was such a man as Mr. Gunn.

B. How strange it is that people can be so bound up in him. Why can't they see that he isn't the man for us?

G. Why, he is a very pleasant man, you know, and that goes a great ways with many people. It is astonishing how Christians act about this. If they like their pastor as a man, they think that's enough, whether he is useful as a minister or not. I wonder they don't put feeling aside, and have more regard for the interests of religion. It's so *selfish!!*

B. Yes—*selfish* enough. If *I* liked a minister ever so much, *I* shouldn't want him to stay unless he was doing good.

W. I s'pose many of the people think he is doing good.

B. Well I don't see as he is, if they do think so, do you, br. Greenville?

G. No—I'm sure I don't. I think this is a good field for the right sort of a man, but I don't believe Mr. Gunn will ever do anything here.

W. Nor I either—but I did think so when he was first settled among us.

G. So did I—but he preached a great deal better then than he does now. He don't seem like *half* the man he used to.

B. You can't make some of our folks believe *that*.

G. I know it—because they are so taken up with him they think there can't be any fault in him. But if they would let reason work instead of feeling, they'd see quick enough that he isn't the man he once was.

W. I heard a man saying the other day he thought Mr. Gunn was improving every year.

G. A church member?

W. Yes; it was br. Hitchborne.

B. Well, I don't care—for one, I say br. Hitchborne and all the rest on 'em may think

as they are a mind to, but I am heartily sick of Mr. Gunn's preaching, and I am sometimes a good mind to ask my dismission, and join over at the West Parish.

G. Oh no, don't do that; there must be a change here sometime or other. I don't believe the church will be satisfied to go on in this way many years longer. Besides, if you should join at the West Parish you wouldn't feel at home there, because they keep up such a fuss all the time about abolition. I'd rather mope along as we do here than be in that hot bed.

W. Yes—hold on, br. Burton. There will be a change here I know, for you will find—

Here this exceedingly sensible and profitable conversation was broken up by the appearance of good deacon Kremlington; who came to request br. Watson to go into the meeting-house to instruct a class in the Sabbath school, the teacher of which was absent that day. Br. Watson, not wishing to refuse, immediately went into the meeting-house; and then deacon Kremlington persuaded the other two brethren to go to the prayer meeting,

which was held every Sabbath noon in a neighboring house, for such persons as did not go home, and were not engaged in the school.

Philip Greenville, Lysander Burton, and Eliphalet Watson, for some reason, which the reader need not care about knowing, were "out of sorts," as some people say, with their pastor, the Rev. Jacob Gunn, and were doing all they could to alienate the minds of others from him. We will not say what was the final result of their efforts, but simply remark, that when a minister discovers the fact that more or less of the members of his church, instead of being in the prayer meeting, or Sabbath school on Sunday noons, are engaged in horse-shed conversations, he had better "keep an eye to the windward;" he "must look out for squalls;" the day of trouble is at hand.

CHAPTER XIX.

OBADIAH KEEDLE.

"A nondescript he is,
Of such an one you never heard before."

In a country town of New England, where about every other man was either a Major, or Colonel, or Captain, or Squire, there dwelt a certain genius who was known simply as Obadiah Keedle, or Mr Keedle. This gentleman had seen forty-three summers and forty-two winters, (at the time we refer to him) and had been a member of a Christian church twenty-two years. We shall not attempt to say what kind of a man Mr. Keedle was, for the best reason in the world, and that is, we cannot. In him were

"Centred such strange extremes,"

that it would utterly defy all the powers that we possess, to put down on paper a description of his character. His fellow townsmen, however, very freely expressed their opinions concerning him. Some said "he was an odd

man;" others, "that he was a curious man;" others, "that he was a penurious man;" others, "that he was fickle minded;" others, "that he was a hard man;" and others, "that he knew none too much." We will state some things about Mr. Keedle, and then leave the reader to form his own opinion concerning his peculiarities of mind, his traits of character; in short, to judge, if he can, what kind of a man he was.

Mr. Keedle had very much to say about ministers and churches. He was never in the slightest degree backward in expressing what he thought about the talents of ministers, and their preaching, doctrinal views, habits, extravagance or economy, behavior out of the pulpit, &c. He kept a curious book, labelled ministers' book, in which he wrote down all sorts of things, for and against ministers. What particular object he had in view in keeping this book and some others, no one could tell, as he had never given satisfactory answers to any questions relative to the said books. He seemed to take pride in showing these books, at least so it appeared to us, when he favored us with a view of their contents. He

was so kind as to loan us these books, with the understanding that we might take as many extracts from them as we saw fit. Of this permission we availed ourselves, and copied nearly a third of the ministers' book, and very freely from the others. As some persons may feel interested to read some of these extracts, we give the following from the ministers' book. He had made out a list of preachers, arranged thus.

1. "Forcing preachers, who preach as if they could force people to repentance. We should suppose they were commissioned by the Almighty to *make* Christians. Thunder and lightning, storm and tempest, we should think, were all at their command to slay the rebellious who will not repent.

2. Censor preachers, who preach as if God had given them the commission of censors. Forever censuring the church for unfaithfulness, and forever censuring dying sinners for remaining in sin.

3. Scolding preachers, who instead of preaching peace and love, scold all the time, just as if the church had abused *them*, and as if sinners could be scolded into contrition.

4. Fighting preachers, who are forever preaching terror, and using all the harsh words they can find in the Bible, and all others they can think of.

5. Prosing preachers, who prose over nicely written essays. Good compositions, but beauty of frost, as Robert Hall says.

6. Sleepy preachers, who are always lulling their hearers into refreshing slumbers.

7. Apologizing preachers, who always say, 'brethren I am persuaded better things of you, though I thus speak.' Don't mean you exactly. You are not the worst sinners in the world. You are pretty good. Cannot think such refined people can be very bad.

8. Trembling preachers, who preach as if frightened out of their wits. Look when in the pulpit as if they were afraid some one was coming to hale them to prison. Scarcely dare to say hell.

9. Long-winded preachers. 10. Blustering. 11. Doctrinal. 12. Practical. 13. Elegant. 14. Pretty. 15. Eccentric. 16. Lazy. 17. Monotonous. 18. Heavy. 19. Frothy. 20. Allegorical. 21. Plain. 22. Metaphysical. 23. Experimental. 24. In-

teresting. 25. Humble. 26. Convincing. 27. Exhortatory. 28. Didactic. 29. Awakening. 30. Conscience-troubling. 31. And the last, Christlike preachers."

Here are thirty-one kinds of preachers, and to each, more or less remarks similar to those given to the first eight, and to each, there was appended the name of one or more ministers, who were considered as samples of the kind. Many of these ministers we are acquainted with, and we believe some of them would laugh very heartily if they could get a sight of Mr. Keedle's list, and see what sort of preachers he considers them. He had the names of 150 ministers on this list.

How, some may inquire, could he have heard so many different preachers? Whenever the pastors in his town exchanged with ministers, whom he had never heard preach, he avails himself of those opportunities to hear such ministers. He often visits the cities of —— and ——, and always arranges his plans to include the Sabbath in his visit, and invariably hears three different preachers each time. Thus, since he commenced his book, which was fifteen years ago, he has heard many different ministers.

In another place, he has the following arrangement of what he considers the chief sins of our ministers.

1. "Envy towards other ministers.

2. Evil speaking of brethren. Inuendoes and insinuations against them.

3. Unhallowed ambition to be thought great men.

4. Popularity seeking. Two kinds, 1. The applause of the great. 2. The applause of the multitude.

5. Lording it over God's heritage.

6. Time-serving obsequiousness.

7. Spiritual pride."

In another place the following: "Many young ministers know nothing of human nature, and yet they think they know that and every think else, because they have studied Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.—Have been through college and theological school, and yet are so inexperienced, and have so little common sense, that they are often saying with a pompous air, *I'll* do this; *I'll* not do that; *I* would not have a church do so; *my* people *shall* do this; *my* people *shall not* do that. How little do they know of human nature to talk in this way."

Again: "Rev. Mr. ——, an orthodox congregationalist minister, of the city of ——, told me that Rev. Mr. —— of the same city, and same denomination, being a good French scholar, is in the habit of translating the best French sermons, and preaching them to his people as his own. That seems to me like deception."

Again: "Mr. —— preached for us to-day. Never heard him before—I have put him down among my exhortatory preachers. He is not the greatest man in the world."

Once more: "Last Sabbath in Boston, heard Mr. ——, the great controversialist, preach at Mr. ——'s church. The sermon of this half Ishmaelite was very good. I say half Ishmaelite, because his hand seems to be against every man, whether every man's hand is against him or not." Mr. Keedle had another book which contained all the anecdotes of ministers he had ever heard; and in it, there were many very curious and interesting things. We should like to give extracts from it, but our limits forbid.

He had a third book, labelled church-book, from which we should be pleased to make

many extracts, but three must suffice. In this book he says, "The prevailing sins in the church at the present day, are covetousness, spiritual coldness, evil speaking or slander or backbiting, standing aloof from the pastor, and unbelief." Again: "Every church in city and country, think they are in peculiar circumstances, and need a peculiar minister. Every church says they need a man of talents—we need a great man—Doctor such a one would do for us—but they seldom say, we need a very pious, humble man. I know of two churches, that each called two D. D.'s, and each had at last to take up with ministers who are not D. D.'s, and perhaps, never will be."

And again the following, which certainly contains much truth: "A great trouble in our churches at the present day, is, lack of knowledge concerning the tests of our faith. Many are so ignorant of what the church believe, that instead of being able to defend her doctrines, they cannot even tell what they are. The pastor seldom preaches upon doctrine, and there is no catechetical course of instruction to indoctrinate the younger members, and the consequence is, they remain year after year in

the church without increasing their knowledge of doctrinal points. Such persons may sustain unblemished characters, and may pray and exhort with zeal, but they are not rooted and grounded in the faith, and therefore are easily led into error even by pious enthusiasts. We do not want head knowledge without piety, but we do want it with piety. We need both in the church. We need enlightened Christians, who not only can give a reason for the hope within them, but can tell what they believe, and defend their faith by the word of God."

Perhaps one reason why Mr. Keedle had so much to say about ministers and churches, was, that he might hear what others would say, so that he could gather greater varieties for these books of his.

Another thing that we will mention about Mr. Keedle is this; he was a great reader. He had a library of about 200 volumes, and a very well selected library it was too. We have seen libraries of more volumes, that did not contain as many choice books as Mr. Keedle's. We noticed John Howe, Robert Hall, Chillingworth, Charnock, Doddridge,

and several other old friends on his theological shelf. He said "Hall and Doddridge were his favorites." We noticed several of the British classics, and among these he pointed to Johnson as the one he "liked to read best." We were amused at one of his remarks, which was this, "That if Johnson had been a minister, he would have been much like John Howe." He had some twenty volumes of Poetry, including Milton, Cowper, Crabbe, Burns, Scott, Thomson and Pollok, and some others. "Cowper and Burns," said he, "suit my taste better than any others."

He occasionally did something himself in the way of poetry. He has written quite a long "poem," as he calls it, upon "death and the pale horse," but we believe we will not inflict upon the reader any extracts from it.

The greater portion of the 200 volumes in his library, Mr. Keedle has read through.

We now say of Mr. Keedle, that he was very careful to inform his pastor of every thing he heard against him. He had one of those consciences, which have sometimes been denominated morbid, and consequently felt it *his*

duty to do many things, which other Christians did not feel it *their* duty to do. Conscientiously did he feel it *his* duty to tell his pastor every thing, no matter how trifling, that he heard in the way of complaint. For instance, if he heard any one say, our minister does not visit enough, or preaches too long, or prays too loud, he feels it *his* duty to go immediately to his house, and tell him, and then talk with him seriously about it. In this way, it must be confessed, he harassed his poor pastor more than a little.

Another thing: Mr. Keedle always told his minister very plainly what *he thought* about him; and as *he thought* many things about him, he had, of course, many things to tell him. He would go to him, and say, *I* do not *think* you do right about such a matter. *I think* you ought to do thus. He felt it his duty to tell his pastor what *he thought* about certain affairs, which the good man considered was not exactly his business. For instance, he at one time called upon him to inform him of the fact that *he thought* his children were dressed too expensively for a minister's children. At another time he talked with him

very seriously because *he thought* that he did not rise sufficiently early in the morning. "*I think*," said he, "that you will be much more useful if you get up earlier." In this way, too, he troubled his pastor almost beyond endurance.

Again: Mr. Keedle was considered by his brethren as being very hard upon converts, when they related their religious experience before the church. He always insisted upon their explaining the doctrine of election; that is, expressing those views of it which he entertained; and if they could not do so, he could not vote in their favor. He would ask them such questions as the following. "Which is first, faith or repentance? What is justification? Are you willing to be damned? Do you believe in particular redemption? Do you merit salvation if you believe in Christ? What is the difference between conversion and regeneration?* How does the Spirit convince of sin? How do you show that it is right in God to elect some to eternal life, and leave others to perish?"

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* Mr. Keedle believed that conversion was the act of the creature, and regeneration the act of God.

And still again: Mr. Keedle, till he became a Millerite, was exceedingly anxious that the church should be very efficient in reference to missions, education, and the Sabbath school. He attended every missionary concert, and would read the last intelligence from the different mission stations, and talked, and exhorted, and prayed, and did all he could to awaken an interest among his brethren in this cause, equal to his own. He exerted himself also, in every way he could, for the Education Society. He was very severe on the church because they did so little for this cause. Although he was somewhat tardy about giving, as a general thing, no agent ever found him reluctant to give liberally to the Mission or Education Societies, till he became a Millerite. As for the Sabbath school, he did more for it than any other ten members of the church united. He would let nothing prevent him from meeting his class, and he was a very excellent and interesting teacher; at least, such was the testimony of all his scholars. He was punctual at the Sabbath school concert; and many are the times that he has searched the town, from one end to the other, to hunt up new scholars.

Finally, inconsistent as it may seem, Mr. Keedle was ready for every new, exciting thing that came along. When anti-masonry came along, he went into it at once, and was earnest to have every mason excluded from the church. He, however, could not carry this point. When the temperance movement was made, he entered into it heart and soul; and soon, through his unwearied exertions, the church became a temperance church.

When anti-slavery came along, he drove into it immediately, and soon became one of the strongest and fiercest abolitionists in the town. For some time he could not prevail on the church to act in reference to this subject, but finally he succeeded, and they passed a vote "that they would not allow a slaveholding minister to enter their pulpit, nor would they commune with slaveholders or their apologists."

The next thing that attracted his attention was, perfection or sanctification, such as is advocated at Oberlin. He heard a man preach on this doctrine, and he fell in with it at once; and it was not a week before he was sanctified. Then he was very anxious that all his brethren

"should secure the same blessing that he had obtained;" and in every meeting he zealously exhorted them to seek for sanctification.

And last of all, Millerism came along, and soon numbered him amongst its converts. He heard three lectures, and then embraced this delusion. He speedily became the most decided and active Millerite in the church, and even went so far as to lecture some in the neighboring towns upon the subject.

His zeal for missions, education, and the Sabbath school now died away; and the only things that would untie his purse-strings were, Millerite lectures and Millerite books. It is true he continued to pay his pew tax, but he would subscribe nothing towards his pastor's salary, because "he didn't preach the second advent doctrine of 1843." The last thing we knew of him was, that he had refused to commune with the church, because they had voted "that the Millerites should no longer preach in their meeting-house." Whether his next move will carry him among the Mormons or not, time will show. Here endeth the narrative of the indescribable Obadiah Keedle.

> "A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not *one*, but many men's epitome."

CHAPTER XX.

CERTAIN MEMBERS OF CERTAIN CHURCHES.

Colonel Henry Blumford, a member of an Orthodox Congregationalist church in Massachusetts, was a large and somewhat portly man. He was called the finest looking man in his town, and appeared to great advantage on horseback, in his regimentals; and it would not be slandering the Colonel, to say that he evidently felt considerable pride in managing a high-spirited charger. Some of his brethren thought there was too much of a martial air about him, and that he cared a little too much about military matters for a Christian. It must be acknowledged that he did appear to enjoy the din of the muster field full as much as he ought, but still he was a very good member of the church, a much better member than many others.

He was regular at meeting, never made any trouble for his minister, and was always ready

to do his part in a pecuniary point of view. He was worth about $10,000, and gave $35 a year towards the salary, and never complained that his minister received too much. He had made himself a life director of the American Bible Society, and a life member of the American Tract Society. No agent ever left his house without obtaining something more than his good wishes. He took the Boston Recorder, Missionary Herald, and several other publications, and was never *dunned* for his subscription.

The Colonel had one bad habit; he *would* stand on the meeting-house steps while the people were passing out. Some said "he did this to look at the ladies;" others said "he did it to give the ladies an opportunity to look at him."

Nehemiah Nettleville was the greatest talker in a Presbyterian church in the state of N. York, and he felt it his duty to take a part in every meeting, although several of his brethren thought he was mistaken about his duty in this respect. He was worth not far from $20,000, and paid $25 a year towards the salary. He sometimes gave a little to foreign missions, but never to any other object. He would not listen to any

agent, "because," said he, "men have no business to go round among the churches, urging them to give to the different societies." He talked much about the "many sacrifices he made for the cause of Christ," and found much fault with the salary that was paid his pastor, declaring "that the church was unable to pay so much." He took the New York Evangelist, but never paid for it till the bill was sent.

Thomas Walkeen was a member of a Methodist church in Maine; and cheerfully did he do all in his power for the interests of that church. He was punctual at all the meetings, and labored hard to induce all his brethren and sisters to act from principle about attending, and not from mere impulse of feeling. He always carried tracts in his hat, that he might have them ready to give on every suitable occasion. He was a kind-hearted, liberal soul, an efficient and interesting class leader, and was always on hand to assist his minister in any labor of love. He took the Zion's Herald, and always paid for it in advance.

Captain Charles G. Sumerton was a member of a Baptist church in Massachusetts, and was

considered by his townsmen as a "man who lived up to his profession." He was a very decided temperance man, and heartily took hold of every good cause that came along. He was a blacksmith, and by the strength of his arm had accumulated $1000. He paid $25 towards the salary, which he thought ought to be increased, as he said "he was fearful that it did not comfortably maintain his good minister." He took the Christian Watchman, Christian Reflector, Baptist Magazine and Sabbath School Treasury, all of which he invariably paid for in advance. Although he could not give like a rich man, he never shrank from giving what he could to every good object. He had a large soul, and devised liberal things. He was one of nature's noblemen, both in personal appearance and spirit; and *grace* had made him what nature never could have made him—a faithful and fearless soldier of the cross.

Major Daniel Kimbrose was a member of an Orthodox Congregationalist church in Vermont. He was not a very spiritual Christian, and was very much engrossed in politics; so

much so that he seemed to have but little time to take care of his heart, or to attend to the active duties of a Christian.

He grieved his brethren by attending political caucusses, when they thought he ought to have been with them in the vestry, praying. He was, however, a very pleasant and affable gentleman, and generous, as some would say, to a fault. He was very kind to his minister, and scarcely a week passed but that he sent some substantial present to his house. If an agent called upon him, he was sure to receive a liberal donation without being long detained. Some said "he gave to get rid of them," but charity will set that down to the account of slander.

Nathaniel R. Buxton, a member of a Baptist church in Pennsylvania, was a very mean man. Though worth some $6000 or $8000, he never paid more than four dollars a year towards the salary. He was mean in all his dealings, so much so that he had acquired the charming and envied name of *mean Nat*. It is said that his father, who had made much money from working a quarry, was just like the son.

"The father too, a sordid man,
Nor love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the *rock*
From whence his riches grew."

But be this as it may, the son was undoubtedly the meanest man in the town. In the church he was continually lamenting that so much money should be spent for the salary, repairs on the meeting-house, singing, sexton's services, oil, fuel, &c.; and his whole aim seemed to be, to contrive how the church should get along with the least expense. He took the Baptist Record for two or three years, and then his name was cut off from the list of subscribers because he did not pay for it. It is needless to say this man did not enjoy religion.

Darius P. Crumpton was a curious sort of a man, belonging to an Episcopal church in Rhode Island. He entertained some ultra views for a churchman, and would have made some trouble, had it not been for the firmness of the Rector, who was a very pious man. A monthly contribution was taken up in this church, for a specified purpose; and it was noticed that on the Sabbath afternoon when it

occurred, he was never present. Whether he gave any reason for this half-day, monthly absence or not, we are not able to say. The more pious portion of the church were much grieved with the course he pursued in reference to an unpleasant political excitement that once took place in Rhode Island.

John Ringdale was a consistent and useful member of a Methodist church in New Jersey. He felt an unusually deep interest in the Sabbath school, and no man labored more indefatigably than he did to promote its prosperity. He was very particular to have his own children invariably attend; and if the weather was too stormy for them to walk, he cheerfully harnessed his horse to his covered wagon, and drove them to the school. Of these children, during one year, only *one* of them was absent a single Sabbath, and that Sabbath she was confined to her bed with an attack of the croup. No member of the church obtained half as many new scholars as Mr. Ringdale did.

Arthur Mildredge, a member of an Orthodox Congregationalist church in New Hampshire, was a very humble and sincere Christian; a man who loved to pray. He was worth no

property, being a day laborer, and literally supported his family by the sweat of his brow; and yet this man paid ten dollars a year towards his pastor's salary, and never hinted that he thought he ought to pay less. There was no member of the church whose prayers and exhortations in the meetings were more acceptable than his. He spent the first day of every month (except when it occurred on the Sabbath, and then the second) in going round among the impenitent people of the town, for the purpose of conversing with them about religion, and giving them tracts.

Deacon Isaiah Luvarin, of a Baptist church in Rhode Island, was a man who "used the office of a deacon well, and was purchasing to himself a good degree and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus." He was highly respected as an honest man, and it had passed into a sort of proverb through the place, "that deacon Luvarin's word was as good as a genuine bank note." He was engaged in business, but his income was not large, amounting to something like $500 a year; one quarter of which, at least, was given, in one way and another, to the cause of religion. He was the

Superintendent of the Sabbath school, which made him a life member of the New England Sabbath School Union, as a token of their respect and affection.

George Delton was a young man, and had been a member of a Presbyterian church in the city of ——, three years. He was an eminently growing Christian, and had far surpassed, in gifts and graces, many of his brethren who were much older in years, and who for a much larger period had been professors of religion. While he felt interested in every good cause, the moral condition of seamen more especially called forth his sympathies and efforts. He spent much time on the wharves, not as an idler or loiterer, but for the purpose of conversing with the sailor about his soul. Many are the hours that he has spent in the cabin and in the forecastle, on his knees, praying for the mariner. Probably he has spent more money to purchase tracts, and testaments, and Bibles for seamen, which he would give with his own hand, than any other man of his age in the whole country. He has the satisfaction of knowing that through his efforts many of the sons of the ocean have been persuaded to join the temperance society;

have been reclaimed from the paths of the destroyer; have laid up money which before they threw away; and have abandoned every vicious habit. More than this, he has reason to rejoice in the fact that God has honored him as the instrument of leading some of these brave and hardy men to the Saviour of sinners; and they, now, instead of being a curse among the people wherever they go, are ready, as faithful Christians, to proclaim the words of salvation in every port whither the winds of Heaven may waft them.

Grace Laugton joined the Episcopal church in the city of ——, realizing that she was taking a solemn and responsible step. The work of the Divine Agent upon her soul had been most deep and thorough. Subdued in spirit, broken in heart, a pardoned penitent, she consecrated all her powers to God, without the least reserve. Beautiful and graceful in person, brilliant and attractive in conversation, and possessing a mind of a superior order, expanded and refined by the most perfect education that our highest female seminaries can boast, it might well be said of her,

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In all her gestures dignity and love."

She was capable of exerting a powerful influence for good, especially in the circle of her intimate friends, which embraced a large number of the most genteel and accomplished young ladies in the city. And such an influence she did exert. Although these young ladies thought too much of dress and fashion, they could not but admire the becoming simplicity Miss Laugton displayed after her conversion; and she so won upon their feelings by manifesting the kindest and most tender Christian interest in their behalf, that finally she was instrumental of inducing some of them to renounce the world, and to walk with her in the ways of pleasantness and peace. Her influence, however, was not confined to these young friends. The Sabbath school and every female society connected with her own church, and some other benevolent organizations, felt the effects of her interest, prayers, and labors. Laughed at, it is true, by some of her fashionable acquaintances, she went forward in the Christian path, deviating neither to the right nor to the left, and proved before the world that she was what she professed to be—a child of God.

Miss Martha Ann Belding was a member of a Presbyterian church in the city of ——. She was not a useful Christian. The follies of a fashionable circle *seemed* dearer to her heart than the cause of the Redeemer. She was not a teacher in the Sabbath school, because she could not be *dressed* in season; and she found it *inconvenient* to attend a little meeting of praying sisters once a week, in the afternoon. Her health was so delicate that she did not dare to expose herself by going to the weekly lecture, or prayer meeting of the church, but she did dare to go to a fashionable party, and there remain till after midnight, where,

"Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,"

she could "faint into airs," and then most gracefully and expressively "languish with pride." Practically, she was not acquainted with the meaning of pity, or charity. She would read a foolish novel, and weep a profusion of morbid tears over the fictitious sorrows of some faultless heroine, but haggard Want and perishing Hunger might appeal to her heart in vain. She was very severe in her

remarks upon other Christians, and was by no means free from something very much like slander. Just, or not just, she was called by more than one, "a tattling, slanderous old maid."

Mrs. Catharine Skinflint, a member of an Orthodox Congregationalist church in Massachusetts, was a very curious sort of a Christian. She was both master and mistress in her house, for she had gained such a control over her husband, Squire Nicholas Skinflint, as he was called, that he did not dare to say a word in the house without her permission. He was always obliged to tell her where he was going, which was, sometimes, a vexation to him. But there was no help for it, as he did not have the moral courage to say to his Kate what Shakspeare represents one of his characters as saying to his spouse of the same name:

> "But hark you, Kate,
> I must not henceforth have you *question* me
> Whither I go."

Mr. Skinflint was also obliged to give her the detail of his business transactions every night; and when he had been fortunate, her words were sweeter than honey; but when he had

been unfortunate, they were more bitter than wormwood.

Mrs. Skinflint had a very peculiar faculty of *appearing* exceedingly glad to see company when she was not glad. She would urge callers to stay, with repeated assurances of the happiness it would afford her; but as soon as they left, would say, in a very snarly manner, "I'm glad they are gone; I wonder folks don't know better than to stay so long, and keep me from my work to hear their gabble." Thus, to them, her "words were smoother than oil," at the same time "the poison of asps was under her lips." Mrs. Skinflint said "it was a burning shame their minister should have such a great salary;" and she would allow Mr. Skinflint to pay only six dollars a year towards it, though he was one of the richest men in the church. Notwithstanding all this, when her pastor called upon her, this lady would, in a subdued voice, and *with many tears*, *lament* that she did not enjoy religion.

Mrs. Mehitable Rondout was a member of an Episcopal church in Connecticut. She was accustomed to visit friends in New York city, at least as often as once a year; and she

undertook to ape in her town what she had seen and heard in that great, bustling Babylon. She occasioned many remarks on account of her dress, and the furniture of her house. She told *fibs*, by sending word to the door that she was *not at home*, when she was. This very much perplexed her husband, who was a plain, common sense Christian; and when she told him "that people in New York did so, and that it only meant she was engaged," he very innocently replied, "Why don't you then say engaged, so that no one will mistake your meaning?"

Mrs. Rondout did not govern her children as a Christian mother should, but indulged them in all their whims and caprices, "because," as she said, "she could not bear to restrain the little dears." The children were all captains in the domestic establishment, acted the part of petty tyrants over their mother, quarrelled with each other more times than there were hours in each day, and made the house one continued scene of confusion, noise and riot, from sunrise to sunset. It was really amusing, as well as lamentable, to see these minor editions of human beings, strutting about

in childish despotism, fully conscious that they, and they only, were lords of the manor. If Mr. Rondout ever undertook to make one of them obey, she would at once interfere, and say, "My dear, don't be severe on the little darlings." Mrs. Rondout, however, was a very kind-hearted woman, and was never guilty of slandering her neighbors. She was neither a tattler, nor a busybody in other people's matters.

Widow Rachel Guilford, a mother in Israel, had been for many years a member of the Baptist church in the city of ——. She was very much like the widow Anna, mentioned in the second chapter of Luke, only she was not "eighty four years" of age, and did not remain in the "temple night and day," but was always found in the temple when there was any meeting there. She loved the house of God, and desired to see it always kept in order; and therefore, whenever it was in the least out of order, she would cheerfully work with her own hands, as she said, "to put matters to rights, because it was not meet that the sanctuary should either be defiled with dirt, or remain neglected." She loved the ministers of

Christ; the rich and the poor Christian; the high and the low; all in whom she saw the image of her Saviour reflected. She enjoyed uninterrupted peace of mind, because her heart was *fixed* on God. She trusted in him at all times, and therefore was like "Mount Zion, which cannot be removed."

This devoted sister was a very useful Christian in many ways. She felt the deepest solicitude for the welfare of the church, and did everything in her power to promote its interests. She was always at the female prayer meeting, and regularly instructed a Bible class of young ladies in the Sabbath school. She originated the Maternal Association in the church, and spared no pains to make its meetings interesting and profitable to the mothers who attended; and she would always relate some appropriate little anecdote, to impress some moral lesson upon the minds of the children present. Wherever she went, if you looked into her bag, you would see a variety of tracts there choicely adapted for general distribution. She sincerely sympathized with all who were in affliction, and was the benevolent friend of the needy and the suffering.

She was well acquainted with the habitations of the poor—the wretched hovels of a great city.

"In Misery's darkest cavern known,
Her useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish poured his groan,
And lonely Want retired to die."

The coldest storms of winter did not prevent this godly woman from visiting the "darkest caverns of misery," to administer to the necessities of the distressed; and while she provided food for the dying body, she did not forget that that body was merely a temple for a soul, which would famish without spiritual sustenance. Her pastor frequently remarked "that he believed if the Saviour was now on earth, he would say of her, as he once said of another, '*She has done what she could.*'"

CHAPTER XXI.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN REV. MARK COLEWOOD AND REV. EZEKIEL J. MELROSE.

It was a stormy and blustering Sabbath morning in March, 184—, when Rev. Mr. Colewood drove through the muddy road, from Galetown to Yorkland, to exchange with Rev. Mr. Melrose. After performing service thrice in the sanctuary, he drove back to Galetown, through the same muddy road, in the rain and darkness of the evening. Mr. Melrose had gone to Galetown on the preceding day, intending not only to preach there, but to remain with his friend Mr. Colewood till the following Wednesday. Mr. Colewood being desirous of spending as much time as possible with Mr. Melrose, thus rode to and from Yorkland on the Sabbath.

Some would say this was right under the circumstances, and others would say it was wrong. All that we feel bound to say about the matter is this: "Let each man be fully per-

suaded in his own mind," and act in similar situations as conscience may dictate.

On the following Monday, the storm continuing, these clerical gentlemen passed the forenoon comfortably seated before a large, blazing, cheerful wood fire, in the study of Mr. Colewood, talking over many things about ministers and churches in that desultory sort of manner which, under such circumstances, comes very naturally, and is not very uncommon. We will relate some disjointed portions of that conversation, as it may *interest*, and possibly, PROFIT some of our readers.

Colewood. Have you any Millerites in your church?

Melrose. Only two, thank Heaven, and they are such narrow minded men, that they exert but little influence.

C. I am glad that none of my people have yet become tainted with that foolish delusion, for I could not have any patience with them.

M. Oh yes, you could, for you know we must have patience with all men, errorists as well as others.

C. Old Johnny Angell, of Providence, used to say, "It is a point that I will yield to

no man, that I know as much about unknowable things as any other man." So I say I know as much about the time of Christ's coming as any other man, and I know nothing about it, and I have no patience with those who pretend to know. Besides, I don't believe the Millerites are sincere; that is, the great body of them. How can a man really believe Christ is coming so soon, and yet build him a house with just as much care as if he knew he should live in it forty years; or send his ship round Cape Horn on a three years' voyage; or purchase a farm, and tug and toil to put it in order? Fudge! they don't believe any such thing.

M. You are hard on the poor Millerites.

C. Well, it is time to be hard. Ministers have been too easy with them, and the delusion has crept into too many churches already.

M. I see D'Aubigne there on your shelf; have you read it?

C. No, I have not; I purchased it on last Friday. Have you read it?

M. Yes, I have, and with much interest, I assure you. I could scarcely lay the book down till I finished it. I am waiting with im-

patience for the other volumes. It is a charming history. He portrays Luther's character most graphically; and in fact you have no idea of the web of interest he weaves round all the prominent characters that figured in the great Reformation.

C. The press eulogizes it very highly.

M. Have you heard that br. Bangus is soon to leave his church?

C. No, I have not. Why does he leave?

M. He feels it his duty to be an agent for the —— —— ——.

C. Fiddle! How is it that men who say they are called to preach the gospel, can feel it their duty to give up the ministry, and travel about on agencies?

M. I don't know; but that is not half as strange as some other things in the world. It may be they have india rubber consciences, as I heard a man the other day denominate pliable consciences.

C. I should think so. But what other things do you refer to? What do you mean?

M. Such, for instance, as everlastingly picking upon the minister's wife; finding fault

with her appearance, dress, household management, and in fact, everything she says and does.

C. What in the world made you think of that? Do your people pick upon Mrs. Melrose after that fashion?

M. Oh no, not at all. I believe our church are not guilty of any such mean and despicable business, but br. Leston's people are at it. He told me himself, and says "if they do not stop their abuse he will resign his charge, for he will not hear so much foolish fault-finding about as good a woman as his wife is."

C. I have heard something of the kind. My people, as far as I know, have nothing to say against my wife. They find some fault with me, but I believe they consider her a very fair sort of a woman.

M. What fault do they find with you?

C. They complain that I am too reserved.

M. Goodness! That's the last fault I should think would ever be found with you. What would they say of br. Dillington, if he were settled here?

C. Say? He could not remain here a month, and pursue the same course that he does at Newington.

M. I should say you were too free, rather than too reserved. By the way, speaking of br. Dillington, do you know what it cost his people to alter their house?

C. Not exactly, but one of his deacons said it would be about $3000, as near as could be calculated; and I think it is wrong to expend so much, merely to pamper their pride.

M. What do you mean?

C. What do I mean? Why, was not their house good enough before it was remodelled? It was just as good as it is now, only not so modern looking. The only reason why it was altered was, to pamper their pride, that they might say their meeting-house looked as well as any in Newington.

M. Not quite so fast. Perhaps they thought that if they fitted up their house, and made it more inviting, they would stand a better chance of drawing in the people.

C. Perhaps! But you and I both know that a vast amount of money is uselessly expended on meeting-houses, not only in building many of them too costly in the first place, but in repeatedly altering them when they do not actually need it. How much of this money

might, with greater propriety, have been given to the heathen! I tell you what it is—there is an absurdity in seeing a minister standing in a splendid pulpit, with a large and rich damask curtain behind him, pleading for missions, and urging upon his people self-denial, that they may give the more to perishing idolaters, when that people have lavished their thousands merely to gratify his and their pride in decorating their meeting-house. I am heart sick of such things.

M. It seems to me you are particularly severe this morning.

C. Not at all. I believe in having everything decent and comfortable about the sanctuary, but further than that I believe is unacceptable to God.

M. We think of altering our house this spring.

C. I should think it was time to alter it. I was going to say it was built before the flood. Why yesterday, when I was preaching, I did not know but that I should be drowned out. Several had to change their seats, the rain came through so. Such an old trap as that

ought to be altered; at least, the leaks ought to be stopped.

Enter Mrs. Colewood, and addressing her husband, says, The sexton has called to know whether he shall open the house this evening, or the vestry. He says Mr. Savage has forbidden his daughters to attend our meeting any longer.

C. Has he? That's too bad! He is a mean slaveholder. Br. Melrose, which do you prefer to preach in, the vestry, or the house?

M. I don't care which—it is immaterial to me.

C. Well, my dear, then tell the sexton if it continues stormy, we will hold the meeting in the vestry; but if it clears off, he can light up the house. [*Exit Mrs. Colewood.*

M. What did you mean by calling that Mr. Savage a slaveholder?

C. I mean that he is a detestable tyrant; an unnatural father, who would hold the consciences of his children in abject and degrading slavery to his own wicked will.

M. So then, you class him among the slaveholders, do you?

C. Certainly I do. He is as much a slaveholder as any cotton planter in Mississippi; and if I had to be a slave at all, I would as soon be a black slave, and toil on a southern plantation, as to be the white slave of a northern tyrant. I consider that there are six distinct classes of slaveholders in these United States.

M. Indeed! Let us hear who they are, for I have not thought of so many classes.

C. Well then, the first class consists of wicked men at the South,* who care nothing about the right or wrong of slavery, but who are determined to retain the system, come what will, and buy, sell, work, beat and abuse the slaves as much as they choose.

The second class is composed of good men at the South who are kind to their slaves; who think that the Bible justifies slavery, and therefore consider that they are doing no wrong in keeping their fellow beings in bondage.

The third class comprises those good men in the Southern states who consider slavery a curse; who believe the Bible does not sanction

* Mr. Colewood meant to include by "the South," all the slaveholding states.

it, and who would do anything that might come within their power to abolish it, but who are so cramped and restrained by the cruel laws of the slave states, that they cannot do anything, and therefore are unwillingly implicated in this iniquity.

The fourth class consists of men who live in the free states, but who uphold slavery; who plead for it, and who possess the spirit of the most brutal slaveholders in Louisiana, and who, if they lived at the South, would greedily buy and sell their species, and barter in human blood.

The fifth class embraces those individuals, scattered here and there in all parts of the land, who hold their own flesh and blood, the members of their own families, in gross and unrighteous servitude of soul; who, like Mr. Savage, take away their liberty of conscience. Sometimes a man will hold his wife in this degrading bondage. She will wish to join a church, and he, like a base tyrant, will forbid it. I knew three men in one town, who thus made slaves of their wives. I have known Universalists and Unitarians thus to prove themselves slaveholders, forbidding their wives

and children attending an evangelical meeting. I have known even professed Christians who were slaveholders, who would not allow their children to join other Christian churches. I knew one female Christian slaveholder, whose twin daughters were converted in a revival, and one of them conscientiously thought that she ought to join the church where she was converted; but she was compelled by her tyrannical mother to join another one. I consider the slaveholders of this class the vilest of the whole.

The sixth class consists of abolitionist slaveholders. That is, those ranting abolitionists who will not acknowledge any man as a true and genuine abolitionist who may in the least respect differ from themselves. These men possess the spirit of the worst despots that have ever cursed the earth; and they would gladly put their feet upon the necks of all abolitionists who differed from them, and keep them there till they agreed with them in every particular. If it were in their power, they would establish an anti-slavery inquisition, and make every man endure worse tortures than were ever suffered in the Spanish inquisition,

who would not sign *their* abolition creed. With such, I have no fellowship, for instead of friends, I consider them the worst enemies of the slave. They are relentless, implacable, persecuting slaveholders. Now have I not shown you six distinct classes of slaveholders?

M. Yes, I think you have. I like your classification much. There are several persons in my town who may be reckoned in your fifth class. There is one man who professes to be an anti-slavery man, who will not allow his daughter, a young lady of seventeen, to attend our meeting.

C. His profession is all hypocrisy, then, for no man having true anti-slavery principles in his breast, will act the part of a mean, dastardly tyrant over his children.

M. Did you know br. Pinkerman had declared himself an abolitionist?

C. I did not, but he ought to have done so long ago. I do hope he will be stable now, and not whiffle about as he has for the last seven or eight years.

M. I heard a few days since that there was trouble in the camp at Barden about anti-slavery. Some of the pro-slavery brethren

are very decided against the church taking any action on the subject.

C. I hope br. Sherlock won't flinch, but will carry the matter straight through with a steady hand.

M. Not he! He is not the man to flinch. You don't find the word flinch in br. Sherlock's vocabulary.

C. If I knew anything about the church at Barden, he will have a trying time if he don't flinch.

M. By the way, while I think of it, do you ever have any trouble among your singers?

C. Oh yes, they have a blow up every now and then.

M. So do ours; they are quarrelling now about one of the female singers. They say she has not a good voice for singing second, and she insists on singing that, or not singing at all.

C. Our choir had a fight a short time since about a clarionet, but I believe they are at peace among themselves now. However, I presume it will not last long, and I should not be surprised if there should be some to leave the seats next Sunday, on account of a flute,

or bass viol, or because somebody did not sing bass right. Oh! did you know br. Sperry is to preach his farewell sermon at Bloomington next Sabbath?

M. I'm sure I did not. What's the matter there?

C. Why, the trouble is, there are a few brethren who are not *edified* by his preaching; and they never were *edified* by the preaching of any of their former pastors.

M. Dear me! I am sorry to hear it. Br. Sperry is a good preacher, and if they are not *edified*, the fault must be in themselves.

C. There is no doubt of that. There is, in many of our churches, a little clan of brethren who govern the whole concern, and as soon as they are the least displeased with the pastor on any account, come before the church with their complaint "they are not *edified*," and then the poor man must be shipped off at once.

M. Where is br. Briddlebane now?

C. He has gone back to the seminary.

M. I gave him a very plain talk a few weeks since. I don't know when I felt so grieved with a brother. He has broken off his engagement with Miss Marlton.

C. Has he? That is *too* bad. What reason does he give?

M. He says he thinks he is not as much attached to her as he ought to be to marry her.

C. Attached to her! Why did he not find that out before? I should think he might have judged of his feelings so as not to let the engagement run on so long. Well, was not Miss Marlton much attached to him?

M. Very much. The poor girl feels wretchedly about it. And I tell you, br. Colewood, it is time that our theological students quit this business of trifling with the affections of young ladies. It is a dishonorable and wicked piece of business. How often such cases occur!

C. I know it. It is high time such business was ended. I was riding in the stage, a short time since, with a man who was telling of a similar case; and he was much enraged about it, as the young lady was his brother's daughter. He was not a pious man, and I could easily see that it caused him to look upon religion with suspicion.

M. I told Briddlebane, plainly, that he had done wrong, and I think he felt it, for he

semed much depressed when he left my house.

C. Well, he ought to feel depressed. A man that will jilt a young lady in that manner, a man that will suffer an engagement to go on two years, and then break it, because he thinks he is not attached enough, regardless of the lady's feelings, I say such a man ought to be depressed. He ought to suffer, and he will, if he has any conscience. Our professors in the theological seminaries ought to caution the students on this point, and also about running in debt, for in certain quarters there is much complaint on each of these points.

M. I know it, but the professors cannot help it.

C. True, they cannot help it, that is, they cannot make the students avoid these two evils, but they can talk about the iniquity of them more than they do, and in that way some students may be saved.

M. Did Briddelbane tell you that his pastor was having some trouble with his church?

C. Yes; he said they found fault with him because he went away so much to deliver Lyceum lectures, but I did not suppose it would amount to anything serious.

M. It will amount to something serious, unless he stays at home more. But what do you think about ministers delivering Lyceum lectures?

C. It never appeared to me exactly the thing for a minister, but if others think it their duty to do so, I shall not interfere with them. For one, I find enough to do in my church and congregation to keep me busy. I have no spare time for the preparation of such lectures.

M. Nor I. The fact is, I do not have time enough to take care of my people as well as I want to.

C. Did you know br. Genolly was in trouble among his people?

M. Yes, I have heard all about it, and I declare, how many things there are in the churches at the present day to try us poor ministers.

C. That's a fact. True enough, true enough! And then, too, how many things there are among us ministers to try the poor churches! While it is a wonder to me how some ministers get along with their churches, it is equally a wonder how some churches get along with their ministers.

Here a little rap was made on the door, and a little voice succeeded the little rap, informing these ministers that dinner was ready. So Mr. Colewyod opened the door, and taking his little son by the hand, they all three adjourned to the table; and here we bring our protracted chapter to a close.

CHAPTER XXII.

REV. THOMAS THOMPSON TOMPKINSON.

Mr. Tompkinson was ordained, many years ago, over a church in a pleasant village of Massachusetts, "under favorable and auspicious circumstances," as the newspapers of these days sometimes say. He labored with all his heart for the good of this people, a little more than two years, during which time they were blessed with a gracious revival, which greatly increased both the church and congregation. Some of the members became dissatisfied with the *doctrinal views* of Mr. Tompkinson, not considering him sufficiently Calvinistic, and made so much trouble on account of his supposed heresy, that he resigned his charge of the church, and removed to the seaport town of ——, in Maine. Here he labored diligently for three years; and although there was no special revival, he had the pleasure of adding some thirty-five or forty to the church, who hoped that they had "passed from death unto life."

At the end of the three years he left this people, because he was exceedingly tried with one of the deacons, who was much offended with him, on the ground that he, Mr. Tompkinson, did not *treat him* with that *respect* and *attention* which he thought was due to his age and experience. This deacon was a kind of an "old betty," and was a very difficult man to get along with at all, because he was of a very jealous turn of mind, and was continually surmising that he was slighted. He had, however, considerable influence in the church, and he brought it to bear upon Mr. Tompkinson in such a manner that he was induced to accept a call from the church in the farming town of ——, in New Hampshire.

With this church he did not remain but one year, as he found himself very unpleasantly situated on account of the *tongues* in his parish. Those tongues run so fast, and tattled so foolishly about his house, furniture, wife, children, horse, &c., and seemed to be so much in the way of his doing good, (for none were converted under his ministry here) that he was glad to get away, and once more cast his lot in Massachusetts. He settled in a small man-

ufacturing town, where he was comfortably maintained, and where his usefulness seemed to be increasingly great from year to year. His people were very kind and affectionate, and everything went on pleasantly and prosperously, till four years and two months had passed away, when a certain case was brought into the church, of such a character that it created strong opposing parties. Mr. Tompkinson doing as ministers frequently do under such circumstances, that is, *warmly espousing the interest of one party*, so grievously offended the other, that, from that evening, he saw not one single day of peace till he quitted the place. No opening presenting itself immediately, he removed to a neighboring town, where he was engaged in teaching in an academy, and occasionally supplying pulpits, for five months, when he complied with the invitation of a church in New York state to become their pastor.

In this enterprising and thriving young town (a city now) he had a better church under his care than he had in any of the places where he had previously preached. The call was not quite unanimous, but the minority that voted

against it was so small, that nothing was said to him about it in the invitation. He, however, had the good fortune to win upon their affections in such a manner, that before six months had passed they were among his strongest friends. In this place he remained six years, preaching the gospel with success, and almost monthly adding more or less to the church. The congregation increased so rapidly, that before two years had expired, their house of worship was razed to the ground, and a larger and finer structure erected upon its site. As the people had become very much attached to their pastor, he probably would have remained here much longer than he did, had he not become involved in the *masonic* trouble, which was then raging with great and exciting violence in that section of the country. How he was involved in this matter we are not able to say; but it so seriously affected his ecclesiastical relations, that he deemed it the path of prudence to retire to another field of labor, and accordingly went to Rhode Island, and settled over the church in ——.

During his residence in this place he was very unhappy. As the temperance reforma-

tion at that time had scarcely commenced, he found a large majority of the people addicted to the *free use of intoxicating liquors.* Many of the Colonels and Majors, and the Captains and Squires of the town were confirmed drunkards; and what was still more shocking to his feelings, several of his church members were drunkards. Even one of his deacons was a rum seller as well as a rum drinker, presenting the interesting consistency of serving at the Lord's table on the communion Sabbath, and the next day serving at the devil's table, by standing behind his counter, and dealing out his drams of diluted New England rum to ragged, filthy sots, who appeared, indeed, in the external form of men, but who lived and died like brutes. The good man could not stand all this. Although he had seen rum drinking and rum selling in other places where he had labored, he had never seen them on this wise before; he had never seen them carried on so extensively as in this same town of Rhode Island, and therefore he gave something more than slight hints about the matter, repeatedly, from the pulpit. This produced a tremendous uproar in the church, but Mr. Tompkinson

stuck by, like a faithful soldier, till the uproar subsided. He, however, did not feel at home here, and his ministry did not seem productive of much good. He remained as long as he considered it duty; viz., one year and nine months, and then crossed the state line, and took charge of the church in the rich farming town of ——, in Connecticut.

In this place he found the people of God quite dead in religion, and disheartened in their feelings. They had been for nearly a year destitute of an under shepherd, and everything wore the aspect of neglect. Mr. Tompkinson, however, went to work like a man in earnest. As a strong man goes into a neglected field, with a determination to clear it of the thorns and brambles which have overspread its soil, that it may be prepared for the reception of the generous seed, "to give bread to the eater, and seed to the sower," so he vigorously nerved himself to the task of clearing up this moral field, that it might be prepared for spiritual cultivation, and yield the fruits of spiritual increase. His assiduous labors as a pastor, and his popularity as a preacher, soon revived the heart of the people, and ere long a better

state of religious feeling was apparent. The church began to arise and put on her "beautiful garments;" Christians awoke from their lethargic slumbers; impenitent men began to inquire the way of life; and before a year had passed, there was a heart-cheering and glorious work of grace progressing through the town. Upwards of 100 expressed a good hope in Christ, as the fruit of this revival. Mr. Tompkinson remained with this church three years, which under his ministry increased from 115 to 241. He left this people with reluctance, in the possession of their highest esteem and most cordial affection; and he would not have left them had it not been that *his health was evidently declining*, under his many and arduous labors—for he was not the man to spare himself in his work.

He next spent some six months in the family of his only brother, in New Hampshire, who, hearing of his illness, with a true brother's kindness, invited him and his family to make his house their home as long as they pleased. This man, having an abundance of the things of this world, did not consider it a burden, but a pleasure, to have his brother's

family remain with him. In his house Mr. Tompkinson spent many pleasant hours, and many profitable hours, for his brother was a godly man, and loved to converse about spiritual things. When the six months had passed, Mr. Tompkinson being quite recruited in health and strength, again, and for the third time, entered the Old Bay state, and was installed as the pastor of the church in a finely located village on the banks of the river ——.

In this village he found a trouble which he had never experienced before, and that was, *a wayward backwardness among the people in paying the stipulated salary.* In other places where he had resided, the salary had always, after some sort and fashion, supported him, because, though it varied in different places, he had determined at all events to live within his income, or, as he said, "to cut his coat to his cloth." This he had been able to do by economizing and managing, as he had always been paid quite promptly the compensation agreed to be given.

Here, however, at the end of the first year, he found that not half the promised salary was paid. Hoping that the people would see the

impropriety and injustice of such a course, and would pay him more fully and regularly, he labored on to the end of the second year, and then, finding his hopes unfulfilled, he was compelled to leave them, as it was impossible for him to support his family on what he did receive. The church were indebted to him several hundred dollars when he left, and so great has been their meanness and wickedness, that they have done nothing towards cancelling that debt, even to this day. His ministry did not prove very profitable in this village; whether such was the result because the people practised dishonesty in cheating their pastor, or from some other cause, we cannot, of course, decide.

He next removed to the farming town of ——, where he remained only six months. It was his lot, soon after settling here, to be severely afflicted in the loss of his wife, with whom he had lived in the greatest affection for many years. Mr. Tompkinson considered it proper, on account of his children, to marry the sister of his deceased wife, especially as Mrs. Tompkinson, on her death bed, said "she hoped he would, as she knew her sister

would prove a mother to her children." Mr. Tompkinson thought it consistent and becoming to marry this lady (who had resided in his family several years) in about three months after his wife's decease. Not so thought the church. Anything, anything but "*consistent* and *becoming*," said they. Some said, "It is wrong;" others said, "It is shameful." Some said, "It is very wicked;" others said, "It is awful." Some said, "He agreed to marry her before Mrs. Tompkinson died;" and others said, "Poor woman! I wonder what she'd have said if she'd known how soon her husband would forget her." A thousand things were said, and all kinds of *slanderous* stories were invented and circulated, till Mr. Tompkinson, wearied with the number and variety of the same, delivered a discourse on *slander*, from the words, "The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison;" and then resigned the pastoral care of the church.

He soon received a call from the church in the old and dilapidated town of ——, which he accepted. I say old and dilapidated, because it was one of the oldest towns in Massa-

chusetts, and many of the buildings were not only deficient in paint, but more or less of them were in a tumbling down condition. However, in this said ancient town there was a good church, and over this church Mr. Tompkinson presided some four years, with mutual satisfaction to himself and the people, with increasing popularity, and with a good measure of success in the work of his Master. The reason of his leaving arose from the *introduction of the anti-slavery question* into the church. Declining to take an active stand, either for or against the abolitionists, he found himself in a similar situation to that of a man who should be sitting on a fence, while the people on both sides were pelting him because he *would* sit there. The abolitionists pelted him because he *would not* join with them, and the anti-abolitionists pelted him equally severely because he *would not* declare for them. Finally he became so sorely bruised with this *continual pelting*, that he preached his farewell sermon, and removed to the town of ——, still in the borders of Massachusetts.

Here he hoped and prayed that he might spend the remainder of his days in quietness

and peace. He found a thriving church in this place, an affectionate and interesting people; and he began his labors under very pleasant and prosperous circumstances; and he soon had the satisfaction of seeing that God was blessing those labors, not only to the edification of the church, but to the conversion of sinners. Here he continued, happy and useful, beloved by his people, and increasing in favor among the other denominations of the town, till some of his church members became Millerites. Mr. Tompkinson, believing that their views were erroneous and fanatical, felt it his duty, as a faithful watchman, to warn the people against them. These Millerites were of the more furious kind; and thinking that their pastor stood very much in the way of the advancement of their doctrine, they were exceedingly severe upon him.

Everything was said against him which these deluded men could say. They alleged "that he was in the way of the conversion of souls, that he was doing more harm than he had ever done good, that he was a poor hypocrite, an incorrigible sinner, an unfaithful watchman; that there was no salvation for him, and that he must go to hell.

Mr. Tompkinson, not relishing the idea of being disposed of for eternity in this summary sort of manner, was as severe upon the Millerites as they were upon him. The trouble finally came before the church; and Mr. Tompkinson, finding that the church, as a body, (with some noble exceptions) were afraid of the Millerites, and would not come up to their duty, as laid down in the gospel, concerning those who make divisions and trouble in the church of God, declined serving them any longer as pastor, and requested his dismission.

As we have thus accompanied Mr. Tompkinson *through these eleven churches*, which brings us down nearly to the present time, we will close this prolonged narrative, by stating that he is still living, that he is fifty-seven years of age, that he is laboring as a minister in the great Western Valley, and that he says, "*I have seen* ENOUGH *of New England, and desire to spend the residue of my years where less* ISMS *abound, and where the people are more* FAITHFUL *to stand by their minister through* THICK AND THIN, *when he labors for the* BENEFIT *of their souls.*"

CONCLUSION.

And now, reader, it is time to bring this volume to a close. We intended to have written five or six chapters more, illustrative of some things in the religious world, that might interest, and perhaps profit, but we have already so far exceeded our proposed limits, that we think it prudent to hasten to the finis.

Are you a minister? I will not ask you what you think of my book, for *that* is none of my business. I shall, however, ask one favor of you, and if you are a good minister of the gospel, I know you will grant it. I desire that you would pray that this volume may be blessed to the good of *all to whom* it is in *any wise applicable*. *This* you can conscientiously do, whether you regard it as a judicious, or injudicious publication.

Are you a professed Christian, a member of the Redeemer's visible church? You have found two classes of Christians described in this book. One class *make trouble* in the

churches, and are *inconsistent* in their lives. The other class *do not* make trouble in the churches, and are *consistent* in their lives. To which class do you belong? You may easily decide this question if you have found anything in this volume applicable to yourself; and the probabilities are, that you have found something here that comes athwart your track. If you are ruffled in your feelings, and with an unkind spirit murmur to yourself, "*That's too bad, I am afraid the writer knows me, and had me in mind;* THERE, *he means me again, I declare; I wish the writer of this book was in Guinea,*" YOU belong to the former class. If in the spirit of kindness you say, "THERE, *I have been guilty of that very thing, myself, and I am glad my attention is thus called to it, for I will strive to overcome it now, and pray for strength to gain the victory,*" YOU belong to the latter class.

Christian reader, whatever your course hitherto may have been, it is "my heart's desire and my prayer to God," that henceforth you may walk only in the "path of the just, which, as the dawning light, shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Reader, it may be that you neither profess religion, nor have any reason to believe that you possess it. You may have been somewhat amused while reading this book, but shall it produce no other effect? Do not throw aside this volume with a laugh. That will not be wise. Seriously ask yourself, in view of all that is contained herein, what is my duty as a rational, immortal being, hastening on to the judgment seat of Christ? Is it my duty to make sport about evangelical ministers, churches and Christians, because there are so many things wrong among them? Or, is it my duty, knowing this fact, to become a follower of the Lord Jesus at once, and set an example before the world of what a *true Christian* should be? I appeal to the conviction of your conscience! is it not the latter?

Dear friend, every devoted minister, and every real Christian, will acknowledge that there is much in the religious world to weep over, but "*what is that to thee?*" Religion is strictly a personal concern; a matter between yourself and your Maker; and if you die in your sins, it will avail you nothing, when you

stand at the highest tribunal in the universe, to plead, on your own behalf, the faults of Christians. It will not affect the case between you and your God in the least, if every professing Christian now on earth should prove an arrant hypocrite, and sink down to hell. Remember, then, that if you permit the day of your probation to pass without securing an interest in the "great salvation," it will afford no relief to your lost spirit in the dismal prison of despair, to reflect upon the *faults* of *Christians*.

Then you may curse the memory of that minister who failed to declare the whole counsel of God, *but* will that assuage the anguish of the flame which will *never* be quenched? *Then* you may bitterly curse the memory of that Christian who never warned you to "flee from the wrath to come," *but* will that ease one pang of the worm which will *never* die? Say, thinking man, will these things mitigate your sufferings *then*? Religion is a personal concern; you will believe it *then*, if you do not now; *but alas! too late*. Oh, stop now, in your downward course; think, act, fly to the Redeemer of sinners. Tarry not, haste, es-

cape for thy life, lest thou "fulfil the judgment of the wicked, and judgment and justice take hold on thee; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee."